

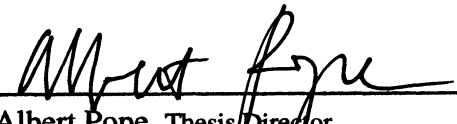
RICE UNIVERSITY

ESCAPE

by
Ann Doyle

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILL-
MENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE
DEGREE MASTER OF ARCHITECTURE

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Houston, Texas.
April, 1997.

The site for this thesis is the peripheral zone of Dublin, Ireland.

The project is driven by a hidden energy and the always present dream of escaping.

It became an attempt to understand a city that presently remains invisible.

ABSTRACT

Thanks goes to everybody at the Rice School of Architecture.

A specially big thank you to Albert Pope for all his help and clear thinking.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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“When it escaped it was like an electric laugh, a soundless gasp followed by the kind of laughing only forbidden things could make, an inside trickle that became a brilliant pain, bashing at your mouth to let it out.”

Roddy Doyle, *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*.



STRAIT HEADLAND WHERE KATIE HAD BEEN SERVING WAS WAS
BY MY OWN LADEN BAGS; AND I LEARNED A LOT ABOUT THE
THEIR NEEDS OR ANXIETIES. I WOULD SIMPLY STAND, T
E DARK... THE SEA WIND BLEW INTO SOME OF THE
BE AWAKE. WHEN FOCUSED WITH MIND SOLELY ON READING
ABOUT THE SERVICE.... FATALISM SHARED IS A
KATED OUTSIDE THE CLOSED DOOR AND THEN WALKED

when **encamped of old**
and near freezing point. Off in the distance a
wards the countryside. He could hear
her by the night silence. Kids on a tinny
trons and wooden boxes in the incin
e and which parted down the feet
a dream. A dark outline brooded over it
of it all was both **frightening and s**
ts. **step out under the heavy blue**
e front overlooking the sea. Most of the bench
ionally a strip of wood still ran between the
y the walls covered in graffiti before the win
he open window at the front there was shelter
leaning out
ked. "What
nt he heard her voice. Seems like a life tim
ago. Often lads would steal a car at night, ars
but sometimes, you know they would **just driv**
them in the back, **killing time,**

INTRODUCTION

This project is an attempt to embrace a new city and a new consciousness. It began with the sudden realization that the city I thought I knew did not exist. The sprawling periphery of Dublin, Ireland, is the site.

This site is a field of contradictions created seemingly unconsciously to accommodate emergency housing needs. Now, thirty years since the first of these endless housing estates, the permanence of the condition needs to be recognized.

Against all odds, in this depressed landscape of dead end streets, unemployment, isolation and alienation lies an explosive energy. This energy, this gritty fight for survival and desire not to be forgotten has been extensively expressed in recent literature, music and film but remains unmarked in the physical environment.

This energy is the motivation for the project.

The books, films and music relentlessly pursue a momentary dream of getting away. There is always a desire to escape - escape yourself and escape this place.



Dublin housing estate from the back of a Garda patrol van. Leo O'Reagan 1994.

This dream of escaping is the motivation for this project.

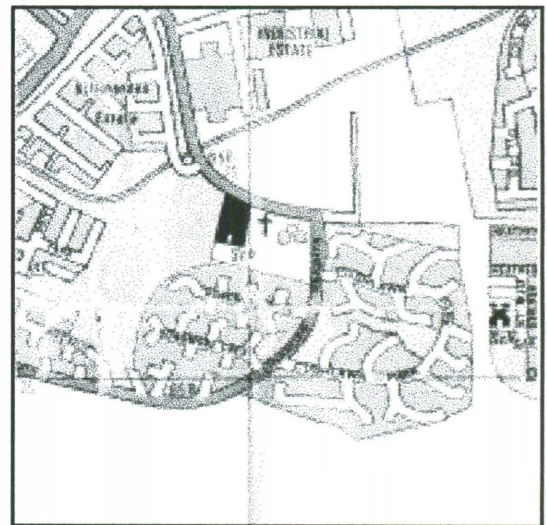
The project attempts to capture the dream and the energy and express both.

It is the open spaces, the in-between, the leftovers that remain free enough for this expression. In is here, with this available freedom, this letting go or escaping can happen.

The primary move has been to define these open spaces which have avoided the trap of daily life. They are marked and preserved as free zones. They are marked by chosen field boundaries and constructed pieces within the fields.

The constructed pieces, are experienced from near and far, as a totality or fragmented, as tactile pieces, distant markers, mental probes or physical adventures. The individual is manipulated with the repeating elements of field, path and destination. These constructed pieces become 'vehicles' for this escape experience.

These 'vehicles' are social condensers or distant markers. They should stimulate disturb and pose questions about self, the community, alienation, individuality, position, displacement, life and the city.



Street Map of West Tallaght area 5 miles south west of the city center. Ordnance Survey of Ireland 1986.

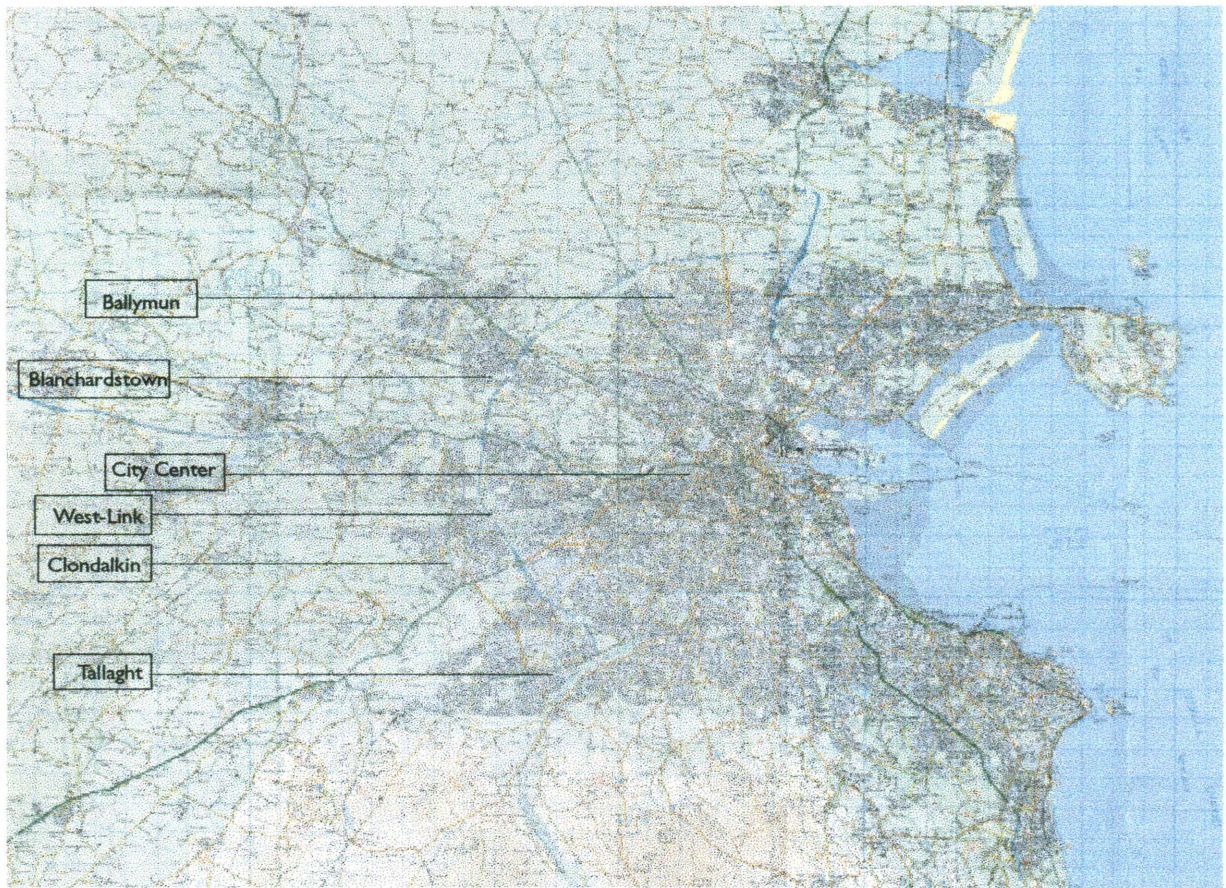
The act of leaving these marks in this invisible zone will make visible the previously invisible. This field of left over ground will be seen with new eyes and noticed to be full of potent possibility. These areas become available as a kind of escape valve, a vent for frustration, joy or other emotions.

The field boundaries will move with the season, the structures change, are added to or gradually fall into disrepair. Nothing is finished, nothing is ever complete. If something exists so perfectly complete it will become nothing. These fields and structures will only be something with use. It is through use they exist. This use will define their value for a particular time, in this place, even as ruins.

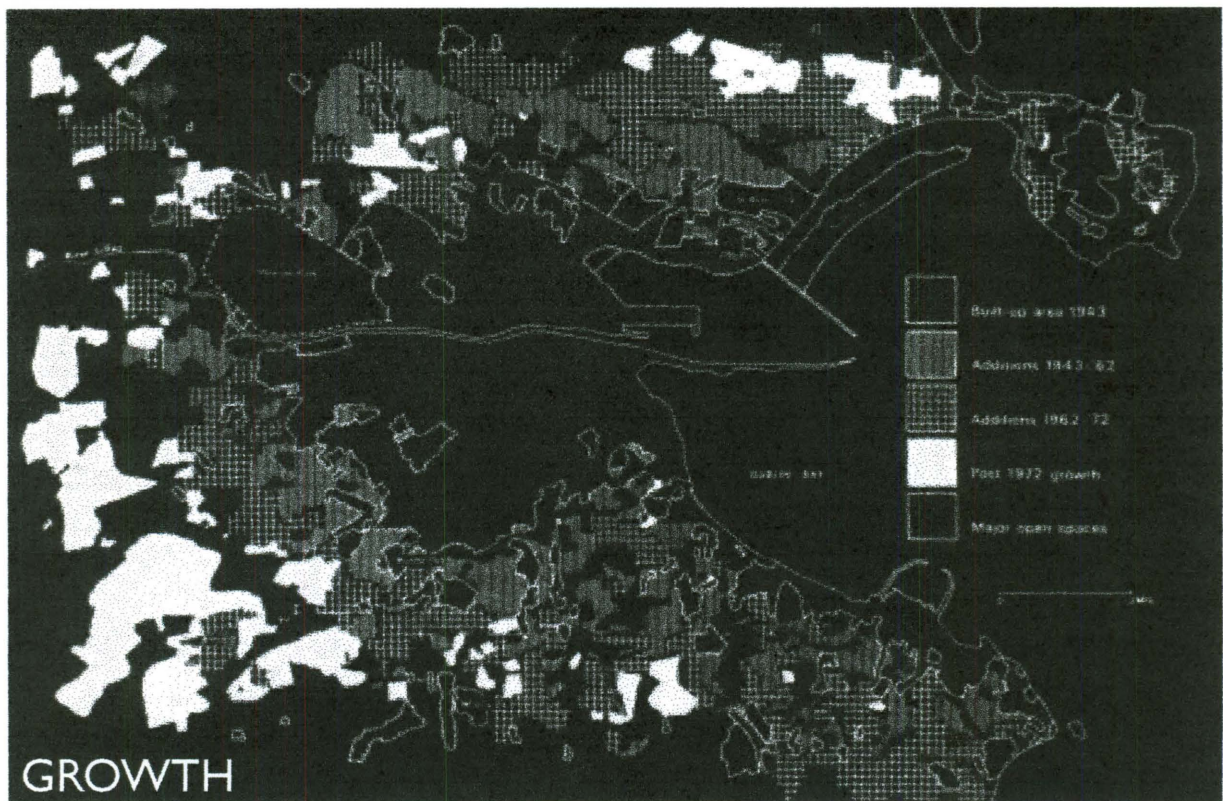
A deliberate openendedness and lack of inevitability characterizes the final work. In somewhat the tradition of the of the story teller, the ballad singer, the story is not complete but is left open for return and possible reinterpretation.

This project will not go away. It poses many questions that can probably not be answered. They will return. This project is not concluded but only begun.

it was sad....The 'worst' thing though
information. They and we were part of
out Ireland in those years...other cities had
g, and the firework. She kept going and on the
a suburb. There is a suburb. She couldn't stop at
something finished and inevitable about their
ins back against the shelter ad. She gulped a
both. A suburb is altogether more of
the last bit. She didn't know how she
seem a whole road is full of bicycles, red
gulped, and gulped, and cried.
open, with children selling comics, and out
dangerous word. You couldn't whisper it.
ing far into the summer night. Almost as soon
too late to stop it, it burst in the air above
as will be gone. The shouting and laughing
as total silence, nothing but fuck floating
ing in the back gardens. Curtains will be drawn
tend to look up and see fuck landing on you.
My garden curved, like a segment of fruit on
in't look up. It was like the word you couldn't say
house itself was square. It had been built in
it. It made you feel caught and caught
ies that were built assumed ever more-managing
t escaped it, was like an electric
I became conscious of a sound. It was whispering
the kind of laughing only forbidden
ing a...
le to...
seemed...
shi...
ed away...
e it...
the same dullish hot blue that i
st my arms, trying to stop them from going
down a broken brick wall and to
ing. Eyes open, little steps in a circle; my
a reason. I thought, the gardens are openin
the house the kitchen the roads openin



Dublin, Ordnance Survey of Ireland 1996.



Dublin City growth. The white areas are all those developed since 1972. This development has occurred at the edge of the city.

Dublin is Ireland's capitol city. It lies on the Eastern coast of the country on a sheltered bay marked by twin headlands. The Plains of Fingall extend to the North, flat pastures to the West and the Dublin Mountains gently rise to the South. The River Liffey bisects the city and two canals the Grand Canal, and the Royal Canal define its center.

The area under consideration in this project is the zone developed in the last thirty years. The city center has been surpassed, in magnitude and influence, by its previously supporting edges. It is in these sprawling suburbs this floating zone of atomized existence's that the 'real' Dublin now is. The center has become a poor touristic interpretation of what a city should be. Or once was.

On the pending completion of the Westlink road, communication and the once radial dependence on the center will be eliminated. This new zone will rely on its own resources, bypass the center, be independent, and become more than an invisible appendage to it.

URBANIZATION

Contrary to popular belief Ireland is not the underdeveloped, rural and mythical place of holiday brochures. About 60% of the population are considered urban dwellers. The population of the country as a whole reached an all time low in 1961 at 2.8 million and today has increased to 3.5 million. It is this period of rapid growth that this project focuses on. Dublin experienced a similar trend, the most dramatic growth has occurred in this past generation from 795,404 in 1966 to about one million today. Over half the city's inhabitants, 547,000 people live in the county area the peripheral area of the city.

THE NEW TOWNS

Some 170,00 people live in Dublin's "New Towns". It was the 1972 county Dublin Development Plan that identified three primary growth areas to become magnet centers. They are the supposedly self sustaining "New Towns" of Blanchardstown, to the Northwest of the city, Clondalkin to the west and Tallaght to the south west.



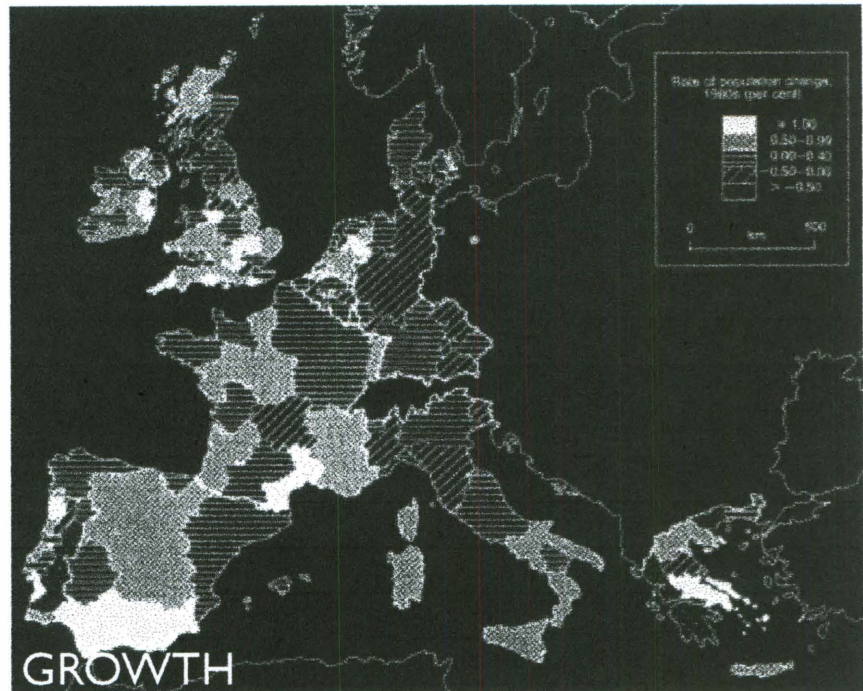
Ballymun area (north of city), Street Map. Ordnance Survey of Ireland, 1986.



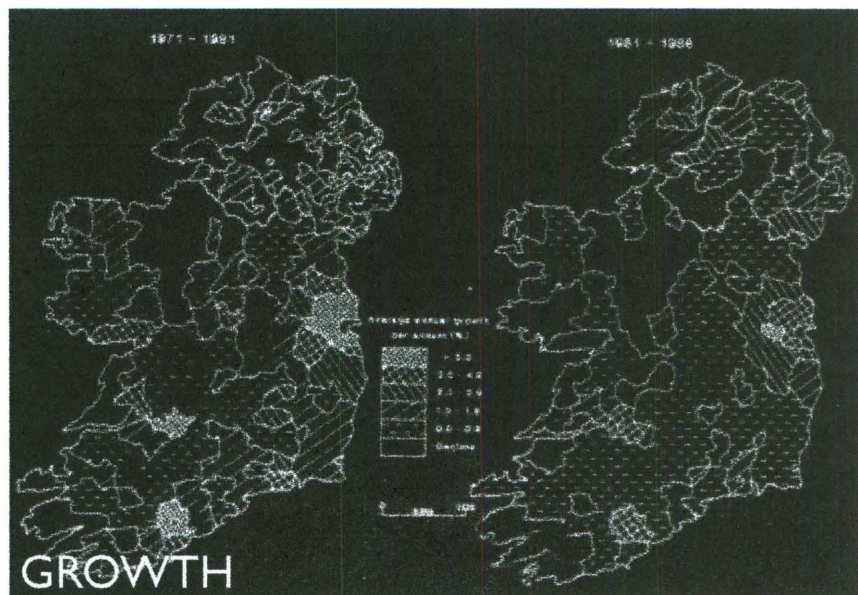
Tallaght area (south west of city), Street Map. Ordnance Survey of Ireland, 1986.



Area to west of city, Street Map. Ordnance Survey of Ireland, 1986.



The white areas represent more than a 1% variation in population of the areas. In Europe the growing areas are predominantly poorer - those at the periphery.



Growth concentrated in the urban centers. Between 1981 and 1986 (map to the right) the only area remaining experiencing a growth if greater than .5% per year was the Tallaght area, south west of Dublin.

POPULATION EXPLOSION

Blanchardstown in the past twenty years has grown from a rural village of 3,000 inhabitants to the present number of about 55,000, this pattern will continue as the final projection is to house 90,000 people.

Clondalkin today houses 45,000 with a projected “final” population of 100,000. The original village of Clondalkin in five miles south west of Dublin city. The Northern part of Clondalkin is severely isolated and houses 35,000 people. Here, between 65% and 70% of the inhabitants rely on social welfare for their existence.

Tallaght twenty years ago Tallaght was a village at the foothills of the Dublin mountains. Today it houses 80,000. It also has a new hospital, a regional technical college, county administrative offices, a multiplex cinema and the largest shopping center, “The Square” in the Republic of Ireland. It attracts shoppers from as far as Iceland, on arranged shopping binges.

SUBURBANIZATION

Unlike the American “suburban dream”, here the flight to the suburbs was usually not by choice. It was imposed by poor economic standing. It was a cheap place to build.

Government and private housing schemes sprang up overnight in the fields. These houses were for those cleared from the inner city tenement slums and new arrivals from the country. This inner city slum clearance began in the sixties and continues today. These people live longing for the close associations of urban life. Neighboring them, are country people, who could afford no better. Coinciding with increased mechanization on farms was the foundation of the Irish State (the constitution finally agreed upon in 1937) which resulted in a huge increase in civil service jobs during the post W.W. II period. This abundance of this type of employment continued until recent cutbacks.

LIMBO

For both these groups this suburban “limbo” is never considered a real home. Each dreaming of somewhere very different. Living life as a dream.

RESERVATION

This bizarre mix of inhabitants results in endless contradictions.

The city and country are no longer defined. The distinction is blurred to a point at which the “real”, untouched countryside only existing in the imagination of the city dweller. There are vegetable patches, hens, next to burnt out cars, rubbish piles and pet horses and ponies living in High Rise buildings.

Nobody has claimed, or wished to claim this zone. It is the land of temporary existence, where hopes are left for elsewhere. Somewhere else becomes more real. Both groups, the country people and the city people are ill prepared to comprehend the environment, the city they now live in. They all have decided not to belong. The landscape is treated with complete disrespect. It is considered, and confirmed on appearance, a wasteland of no advantage. A reservation to live in but never a place to belong.

SORTING OUT

The permanence of the condition is beginning to be understood.

The huge increase in size (10 people per acre) and numbers was left unnoticed until it lead to nightmares. They were - social, cultural and administrative. Realization of the vastness of the expansion emerged in the early 90's and an attempt to control the crisis was officially dealt with then.

Dublin Corporation administered the city area while the County Council dealt with the surrounding county area. All the recent growth has been concentrated in the county area placing a huge burden on administration there. Only in 1993 was action taken to remedy the situation and even out the burden of responsibility. Dublin

since then, is divided into four administration areas. The city has been redivided from the original two. There is (1) THE CITY, (2) DUN LAOIGHAIRE RATHDOWN, (3) SOUTH DUBLIN and (4) FINGALL (see illustration). Each area has its own administration and all stand equal in power and influence. Thus, the center is forgotten by the more powerful edge.

AWAKE

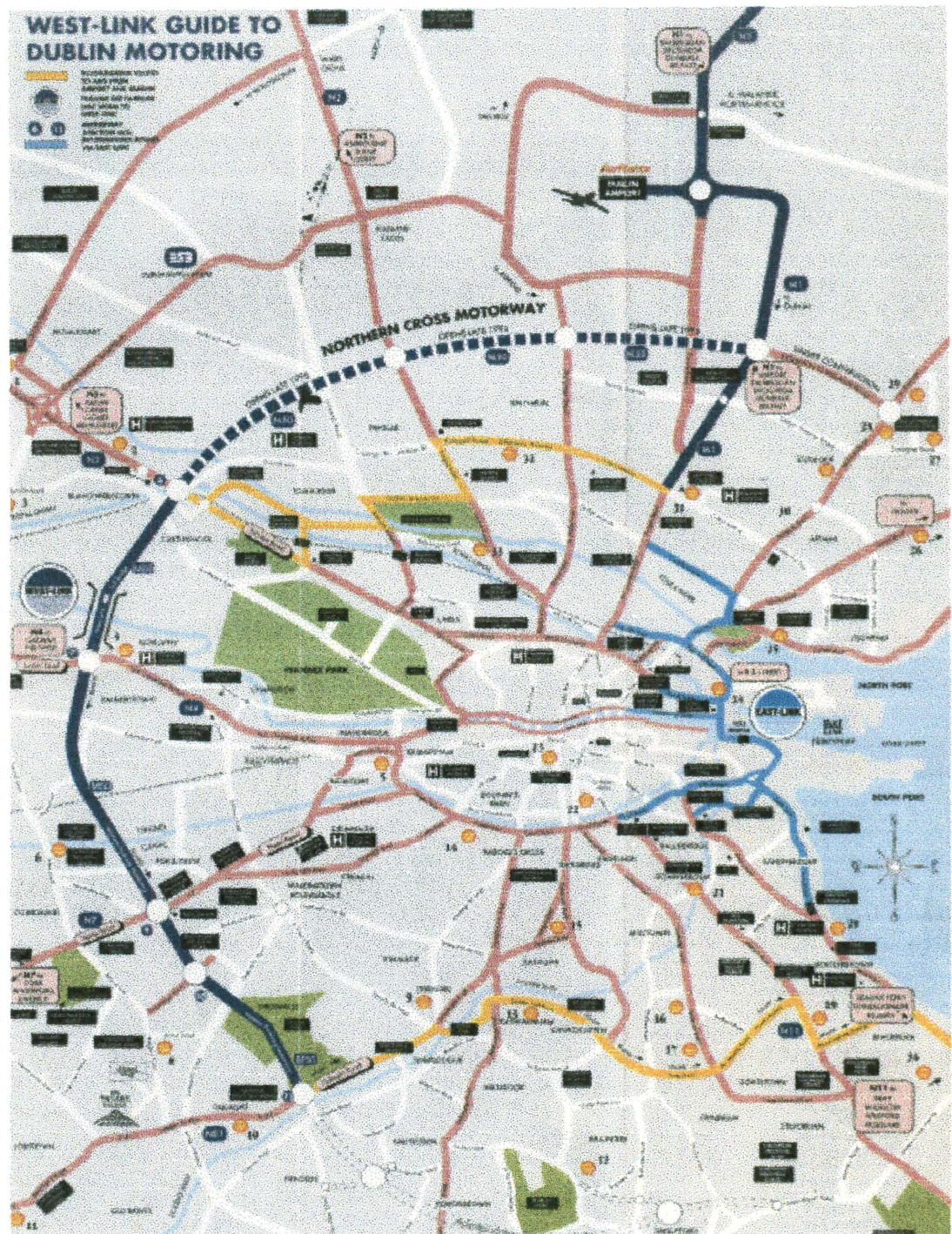
This new city, encompassing these four parts, is sprawling and undefined. Domination of the center no longer exists. The center is equal in influence to the edges. There becomes no center and no periphery, geographic exclusion is no longer relevant. The dweller is free to be included. Movement is not defined by location but by proximity to paths of connection.

OPEN SPACE

This vast sea of built sameness can only be characterized by its open spaces.

"I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice as she swam about trying to find her way out."

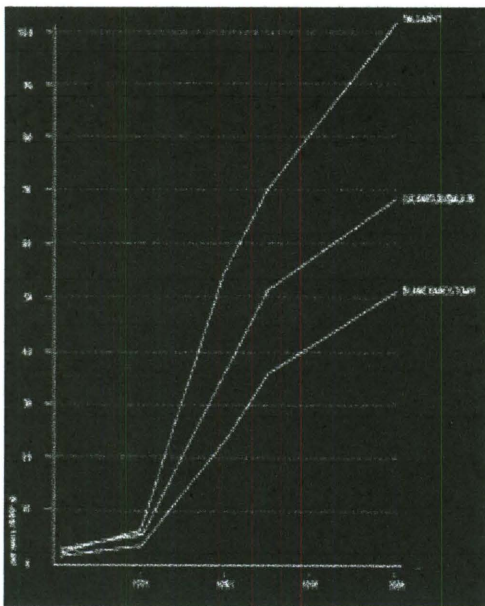
Lewis Carroll, Alice in Wonderland.



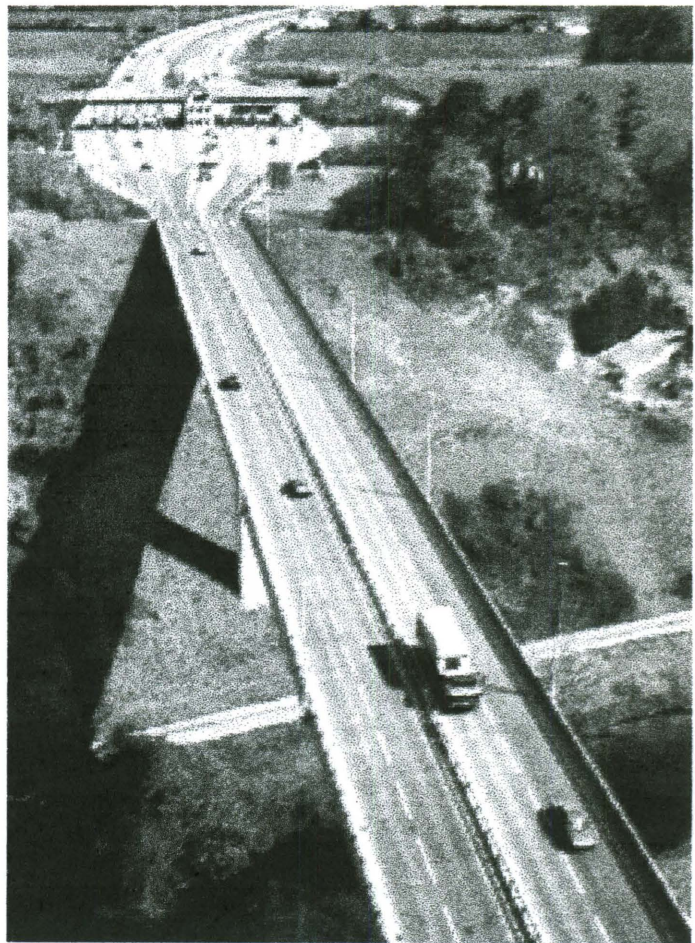
Dublin City as mapped on Shell Oil promotion pamphlet.
 The Westlink road is still under construction is soon to link the edge zone.



Map of Dublin city area showing the city center, number 1, and the surrounding suburban areas numbers 2 to 4.



Population increase per 1000 people in Tallaght (top), Lucan/Clondalkin (middle) and Blanchardstown (bottom).



The Weslink road from above to the west of the city. Image from Shell oil advertising/information.

“History is a nightmare from which we are trying to awake.” *Stephen Dedalus, Ulysses James Joyce.*

REPEATED PATTERNS

It is not relevant to dwell on the troubled history of Ireland but some conditions, themes and patterns are relevant to the present condition. It is these themes and patterns that alter the present, and make a seemingly general condition of post W.W. II development, into a particular one.

IDENTITY

Much of the insecurity of the individual and the constant search for an identity resulted from nearly eight hundred years of British domination. This lack of permanence and a reluctance to claim a place may be, partly a result of this. The knowledge that nothing is certain gained from continuous upheaval. It is argued, that with this experience of constant turmoil that Ireland did not have to wait until the twentieth century to undergo the shock of modernization. The shock of modernization, which later, in other countries brought lack of identity and alienation are not new here.



Weslink Motorway, Ballymount, Co. Dublin. Towards Dublin Mountains

ISOLATION

The island is small, and claustrophobic and isolated on the far Western fringes of Europe. Thus, the people feel isolated and trapped. This is reinforced by the further traps of the city, daily life and poverty.

OUTSIDE THE WALLS

By 841 the Vikings had established Dublin as one of a number of trading posts around Ireland. They began the pattern of exclusion by not admitting the native Irish to settle in the city. During the twelfth century, following the British Norman invasions and control (the city becoming capitol of their colony in 1170) when it gradually took the forms of a typical medieval town. Dominated by the characteristic elements - a castle, a protective wall, gates and a cathedral. During this Norman domination the Vikings, in turn, were forced to settle outside the town walls. In 1695 the introduction of the 'Penal Laws' restricted the rites of the Catholics, who were (predominantly) the 'native' Irish. They, following a period of more lenient legislation, were again forced to settle outside the city walls.

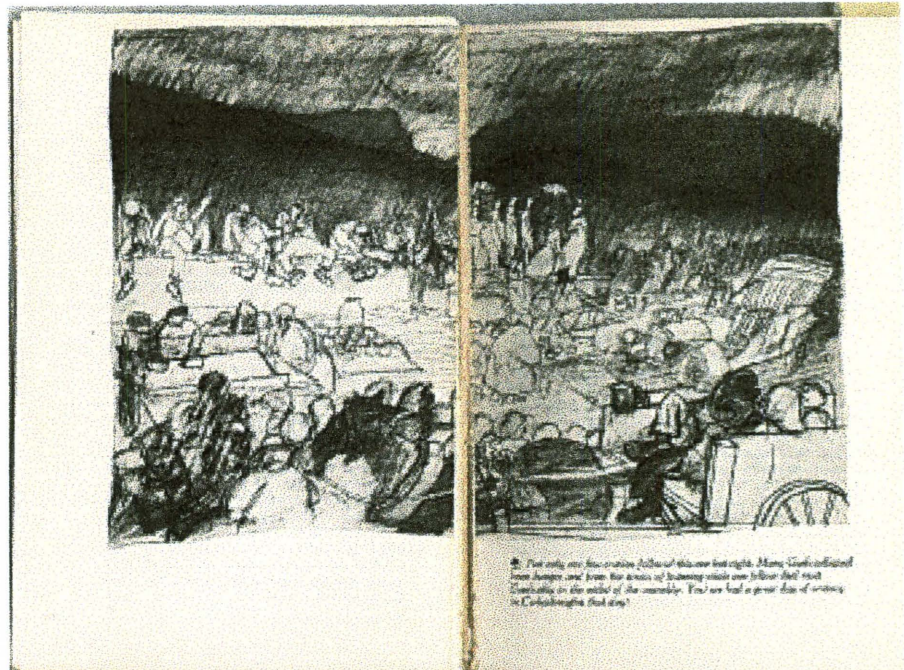
A common occurrence in towns is an area named "Irishtown" outside the walls. This pattern is one of exclusion exists in the mind to the present day although its irrelevance should now be apparent.

The forced suburbanization of this century continued the pattern discrete enclaves outside the "walls". These, since the earliest city foundations, has given most towns an undefined edge.

ILLCIT MEETINGS

In a persecuted country, open spaces or left over spaces have been used for illegal meetings of all kinds. For political rallies, church meetings, educational meetings. These hidden institutions, without a building or symbol, were "hedge churches" and "hedge schools" etc.. It is at these forbidden hedge meetings that the persecuted community tried to cling onto its identity and traditions.

Thus, the complete invisible nature of the peripheral zone of Dublin only continues the notion of banishing the



Illicit meeting from *The Poor Mouth*, Flann O'Brien.
Illustration by Ralph Steadman.

"Not only one fine oration followed this one but eight. Many Gaels collapsed from hunger and from the strain of listening while one fellow died most Gaelically in the midst of the assembly. Yes! we had a great day of oratory in Corkadoragha that day!" *The Poor Mouth, Flann O'Brien.*

persecuted. The project proposes by identifying the zone the condition immediately changes from persecution to freedom.

COLONY IN EUROPE

Ireland was in the unique and peculiar position of being a colony in Europe. During the period of British domination, Dublin was the second city of the British Empire and had to keep up appearances accordingly. Fine public buildings, grand squares and housing plans 'estates' were rapidly constructed. This frantic building took place for about one hundred and fifty years (the Georgian period),

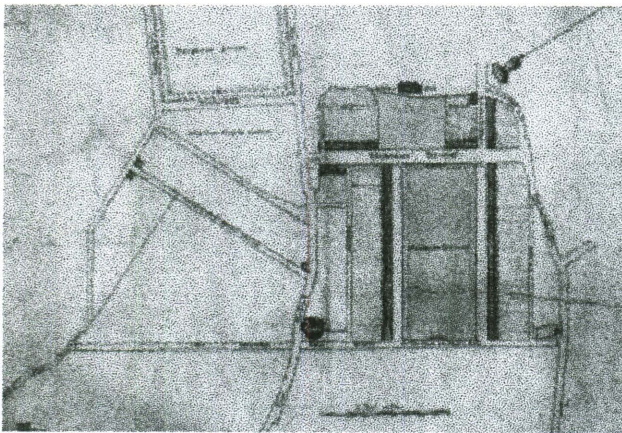
until the Act of Union in 1800, when the Irish parliament was dissolved and all political matters were decided in London.

Appearances were reliant on a foreign model. This was followed by a complete disinterest by the Irish in appearance of any kind. The environment suffers from this neglect.

EARLY SPECULATION

The speculative nature of residential developments the Georgian period (18 c.), is not unlike in process the more recent speculative residential “estates”. Then housing schemes were compartmentalized, built at random on a certain land “estates” under particular ownership, for example the development of the Fitzwilliam estate.

In these eighteenth century developments there is no finality about the built moves. The streets extend out to nothingness and the houses fill around the voids. These squares are regularly shaped green spaces. This city is navigated through the voids.



Fitzwilliam Square, early 19 c.
Open ended Streets, open vistas etc.



Merrion Square, Fitzwilliam estate.

DISSOLUTION

It was with the collapse of the Union in 1800 and the moving of the parliament of Ireland back to London that resulted in gradual disrepair. At the beginning of this century Dublin had the worst slum and tenement situation in Europe. It is from these slums that the new suburban dwellers came from.

FREEDOM

Ireland gained independence from England in 1921. The new constitution was adopted in 1937. Little changed until the post W.W. II period.

With the establishment of the state housing programs were started to deal with the slum problem and the large number of new arrivals.

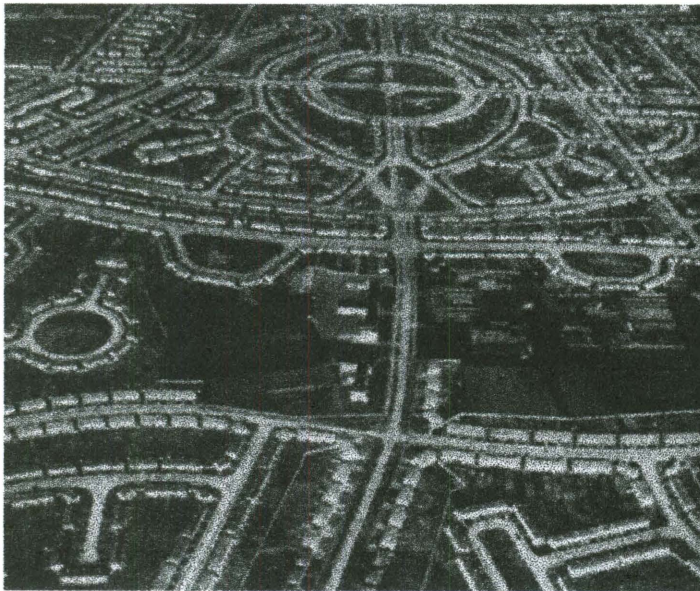


Westlink road as it crosses the River Liffey.

PUBLIC HOUSING

Most development post W.W. II occurred in the periphery of the city This condition almost true of all cities in the U.S. and Europe.

Lack of confidence resulted in Ireland immediately following British policies with similar ones. Government public housing at Marino and Crumlin, built in the fifties, were of this type (English garden city). Symmetrical and inward focused. During the sixties, influence again came from England, and resulted in the construction in 1963 of the Ballymun high rise estate to the North of the city. Deemed a failure on completion this type was immediately abandoned. It now rises out of the low lying skyline on the plains, as a monument to a failure in every sense. A failed project, which houses failed lives.



Housing at Crumlin circa 1950.

10 PEOPLE PER ACRE

The strategy since Ballymun is the three bedroom single family house at the low density of 10 people per acre. This rash of housing spreads endlessly encroaching on the mountains to the south and unbounded to the west and north.

FORGOTTEN

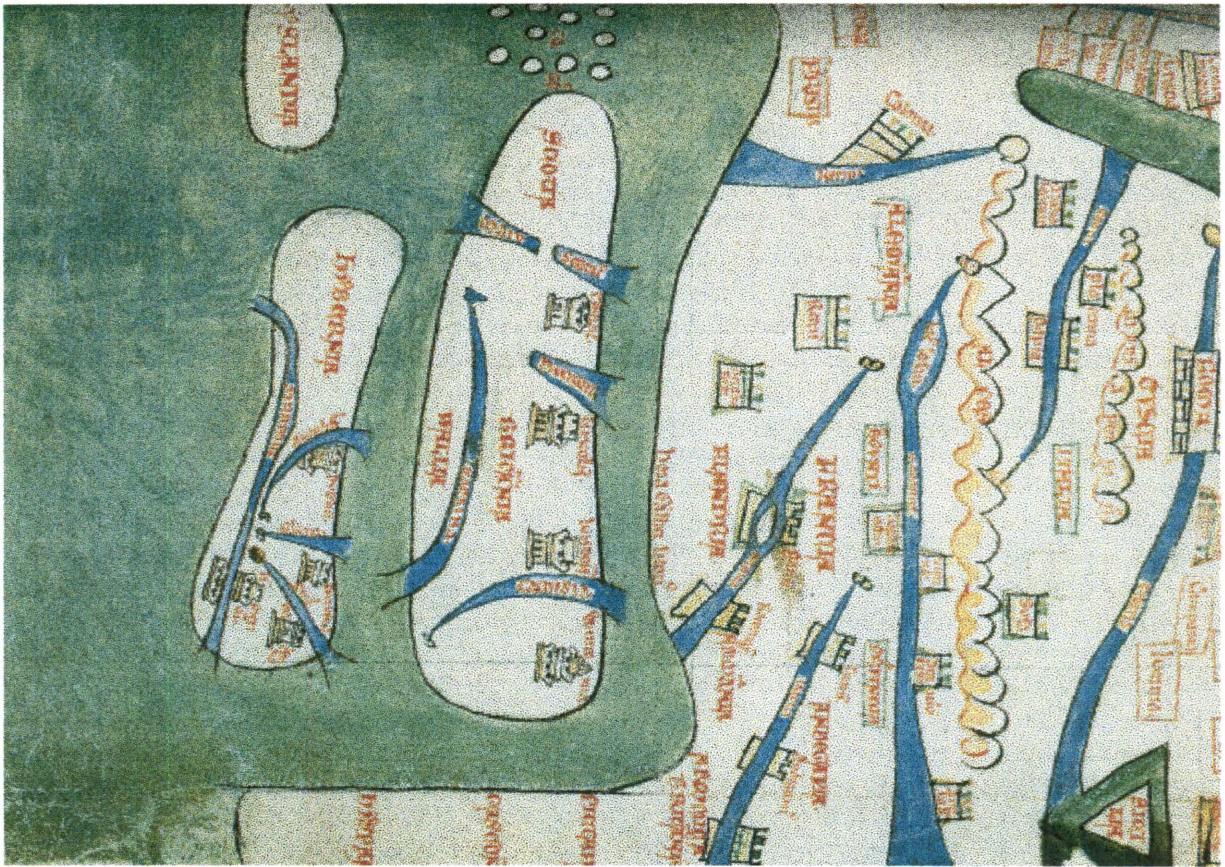
The slum problem had been solved. But a reservation of discontent has been created. Days are spent in these three bedroom houses, in the middle of nowhere, without a car, without a job, without amenities. People are housed and forgotten in this invisible world of the suburbs.

WAITING

In this city people live - trapped. Trapped by poverty, by themselves. They are in this house, immobile, at the end of the road, in a small damp room, watching TV and waiting, living life as a sentence.

The situation is never as hopeless when you can dream.

just when he thought she wasn't going to conti
dozen streets away Shay must have woken to the no
No matter where we went we always
backyards ringing with displace
know why. Walking down the pier in Rush in the
en of Limbo was how Shay called the
favorite, around Portrane and Donebate. Watching
to nowhere else. Those gardens that I called
ay began bringing home phrases that could be id
ily rosary. I hid photographs of rock stars be
wakened his jacket off and spread it on my lap
was twelve my father brought me back to the f
born. I stood awkwardly in my city clothes, kid
ss said "That's the funny bit. All the screaming
ss the yard.... Next morning before dawn he took
never saw him so relaxed as when he bent with a
like we were at the end of a journey. When the w
was frightened of. For the first time I felt th
of but I grew up in perpetual exile; from my par
at home. Once Shay told me about visiting his
ties. They welcomed him like a returned émigré to
no little bollox in a p
s and lead him around the ramsh
g at midnight and turni
pitying him the open spaces
tim stones, that sort of shite. Git and Eileen
learn self respect if you
r them. And you know, blokes who were half anim
ng you to be ashamed of
ed but I was ashamed of it. With its pub next to the
the future stretching away before them. It
was in a tiny amusement park. To their left a
ment coloured. It, colour roads, driveways, c
an unfinished look, out of place among the lie
an breathe in the sharp tang of sea air blowing
states. The road wound upwards through moorland



Europe, from 'Topographia Hiberniae' (ca AD 1200) Ireland the blob on the left

ISLAND



superstudio, restoration study for Florence, 1970.

FLOAT



Richard Long, A LINE MADE BY WALKING, England 1967

PATH



Aran Islands, Co. Galway, Ireland

FIELD



Teignmouth Pier, South Devon, England

DESTINATION



water tower, I 10, San Antonio, Texas

MARK



Shopping with horse, Ballymun Housing Estate, Dublin

DISPLACED

What happened when you reached
of rock stars beneath my mattress like p
me back to the farm bordering the Kerry
city clothes, kicking a football back and
All the screaming and slugging stopped wh
before dawn he took me out to the milking she
then he bent with ease to squeeze the teats
journey. When the wheels touched the sand th
rst time I felt the division between us. I d
exile: from my parents when on the streets,
le sea. It belonged
about visiting his uncles and great aunts

returned émigré to the courtyards of squa
ox in a peaked cap cot
d the ramshacked streets cho
open spaces it off. We'd get out
of the distant roads he p
Git and Eileen could swim so we'd smoke
pect if you're taught that w
who were half animal in Dublin would tal

DREAM

a sea air blowing across the expanse of
ster through irregular curves and semi-circles
that blew from the hills, other more
reached the edge, mesmerized by the scene b
c transport. All of this was makeshift.



The following are extracts from current both fact and fiction written in and about this peripheral zone of Dublin. They express a life and a real site that seems hidden on inspection. In these stories the dream of escaping and the fight not to be forgotten is powerfully expressed.



I never asked you where you dream of - the city, the country - which world at night becomes your home.

It's strange how a city grows into your senses, how you become attuned to its nuances like living with a lover. Even when you sleep it's still on your mind.... But out here nothing really sleeps except with one eye open, alert for danger.

They planted trees in the image of their lost homeland, put down potato beds, built timber hen houses. I woke up to the sound of chicks escaping through the wire mesh to scamper among the rows of vegetables. A dozen streets away Shay must have woken to the noise of pigeon lofts, that city man's sport, backyards ringing with displaced Dublin accents.

The children of limbo was how Shay called us once. We came from nowhere and found we belonged to nowhere else. Those gardens that I called home were a retreat from the unknown world.

I began bringing home phrases that couldn't fit in that house when we still knelt for the family rosary. I hid photographs of rock stars beneath my mattress like pornographic pictures, wrote English soccer players' names on my copy book feeling I was committing a betrayal.

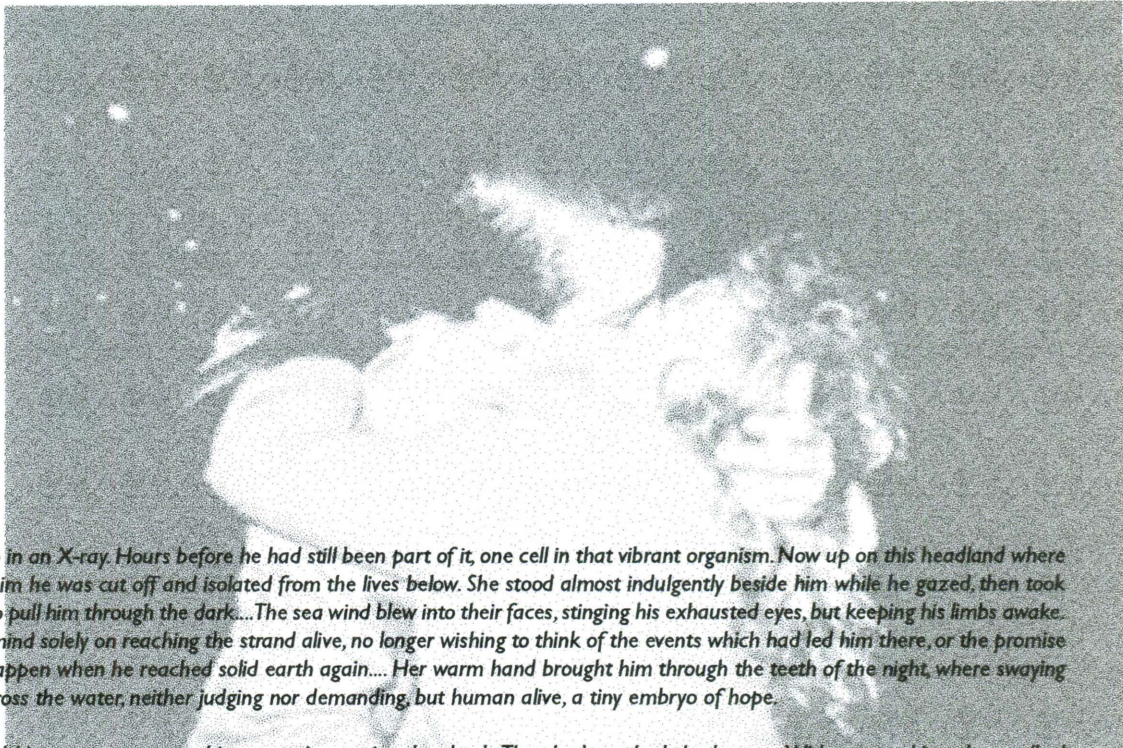
When I was twelve my father brought me back to the farm bordering the Kerry coast where he had been born. I stood awkwardly in my city clothes kicking a football back and forth to my cousins across the yard.... Next morning before dawn he took me out to the milking. I saw him bent over a bare bulb. I never saw him so naked as when he bent with ease to squeeze the teats of a huge lurking cow I was frightened to touch. For the first time I felt the division between us.

I didn't understand it then, but I grew up in perpetual exile: from my parents when on the streets, from my own world when at home. Once Shay told me about visiting his uncles and great aunts left behind in the Liberties. They welcomed him like a returned emigré to the courtyards of squalid Victorian flats and lead him around the ramshacked streets choked with traffic, pointing him the open spaces of the distant roads he played on.

How can you learn self respect if you're taught that where you live is not your real home?

Hano and Katie followed the weak scraggle of street lights which petered out beyond the green with its pub next to the wind-torn swings beside the battered caravan in a tiny amusement park. To their left a new estate of white council houses slept with an unfinished look about it. In the fields among the fields. On their right through the blackness they could breathe in the sharp tang of sea air blowing across the beach. The tide was exposed at low tide. The road wound upwards through moonlit golf courses and the playing point of holiday homes. It ended at a car park on the very brink of the cliff. Hano stood with his arm around Katie's shoulder and looked over the edge. The scene below. The whole of Dublin was glowing like a living thing sprawled out before his eyes. The city lights were bones.





of a corpse lit up in an X-ray. Hours before he had still been part of it, one cell in that vibrant organism. Now up on this headland where Katie had lead him he was cut off and isolated from the lives below. She stood almost indulgently beside him while he gazed, then took his hand again to pull him through the dark....The sea wind blew into their faces, stinging his exhausted eyes, but keeping his limbs awake. He focused his mind solely on reaching the strand alive, no longer wishing to think of the events which had led him there, or the promise of what might happen when he reached solid earth again.... Her warm hand brought him through the teeth of the night, where swaying lights winked across the water, neither judging nor demanding, but human alive, a tiny embryo of hope.

She stopped and his momentum sent him careering against her back. They had reached the bottom. Without speaking, they walked across the sand which parted beneath their feet, slowing them so they seemed to move in a dream. A dark outline against the V of the cliffs took the shape of a concrete bunker as they approached. On both sides steel shutters glinted in the dark from the closed toilets. There was a narrow exposed entrance at the side of the shelter and a large open space at the front overlooking the sea. Most of the bench against the wall had been hacked away, but occasionally a strip of wood still ran between the concrete supports. When Hano struck a match he saw the walls covered in graffiti before the wind choked the flame. Sand and litter had been blown in across the floor and from one corner the smell of urine lingered. Yet when he squatted below the open window at the front there was shelter from the breeze. Katie was standing beside him leaning on the concrete still to gaze out at the waves.

"How do you know this place?" he asked.

"What does it matter?" She replied and huddled down beside him in silence. But after a moment he heard her voice.

"Seems like a life time," she whispered. "I don't know, so fucking long ago. Often lads would steal a car at night, arse around the streets in it, looking for a chase. But sometimes, you know they would just drive out into the country. You'd be with them in the back, killing time, seeing what the stroke was. I loved it and hated it...brought back things I didn't want. We were so spaced you wouldn't think I'd remember any of it. But I know every laneway here like the veins on my wrist. They're the only shagging things that do seem real."

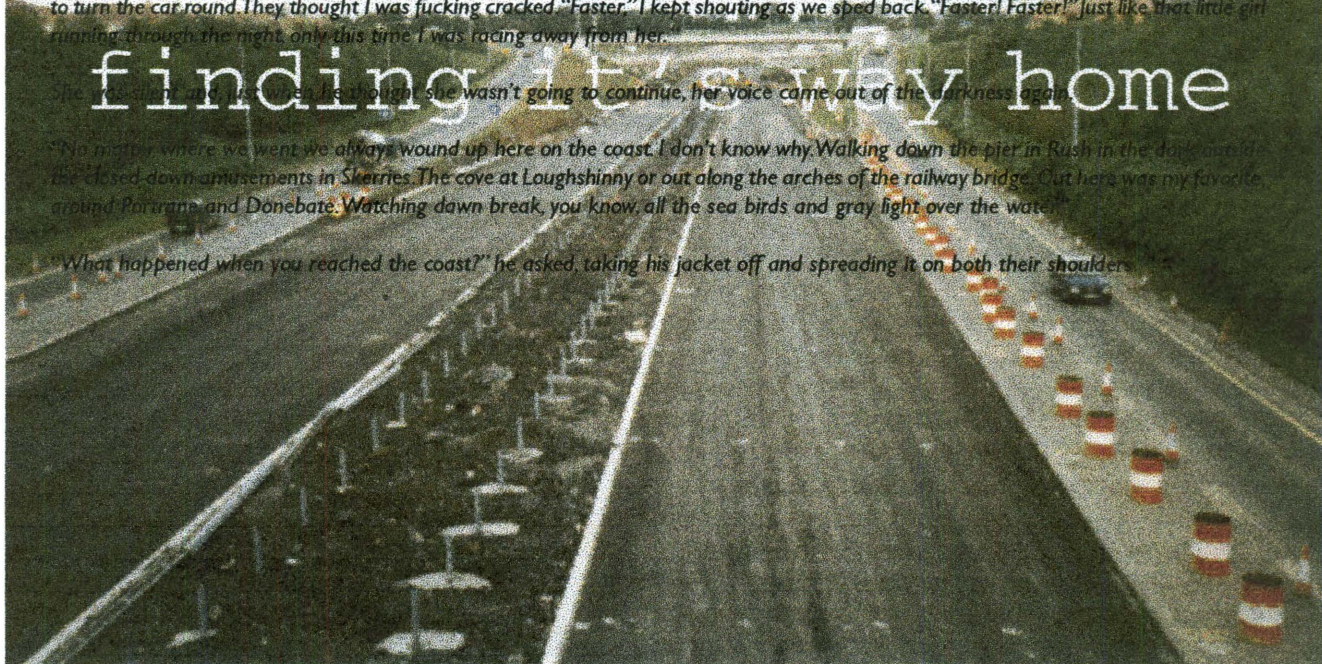
"But I remember every second driving out here - it was vivid, Hano you know what I mean. One time we almost drove as far as Leitrim, I was shouting directions from the back, like a lost animal finding its way home. I got frightened when we got close, screaming for them to turn the car round. They thought I was fucking cracked. "Faster!" I kept shouting as we sped back. "Faster! Faster!" Just like that little girl running through the night, only this time I was racing away from her."

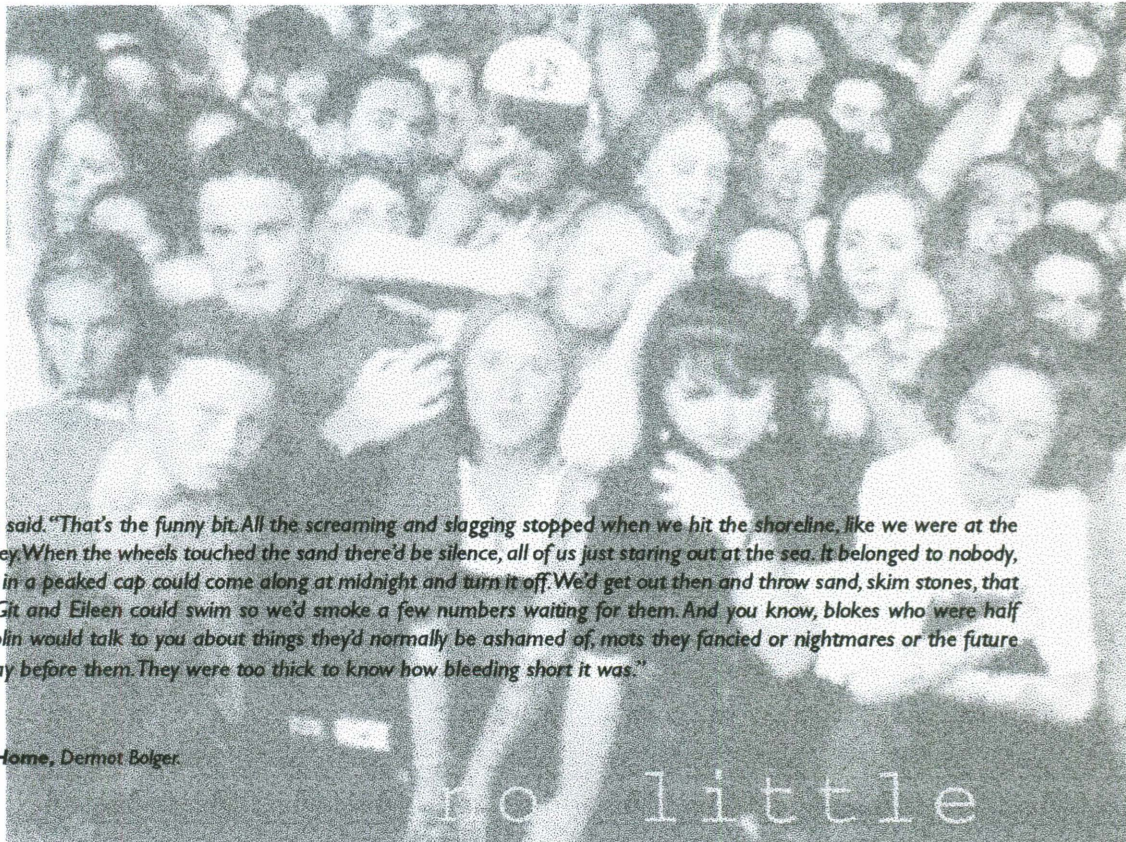
finding it's way home

she was silent and just when he thought she wasn't going to continue, her voice came out of the darkness again.

"No matter where we went we always wound up here on the coast. I don't know why. Walking down the pier in Rush in the dark outside the closed-down amusements in Skerries. The cove at Loughshinny or out along the arches of the railway bridge. Out here was my favorite around Portlanna and Donebate. Watching dawn break, you know, all the sea birds and gray light over the water."

"What happened when you reached the coast?" he asked, taking his jacket off and spreading it on both their shoulders.





"Fuck all," she said. "That's the funny bit. All the screaming and slagging stopped when we hit the shoreline, like we were at the end of a journey. When the wheels touched the sand there'd be silence, all of us just staring out at the sea. It belonged to nobody, no little bollox in a peaked cap could come along at midnight and turn it off. We'd get out then and throw sand, skim stones, that sort of shite. Gilt and Eileen could swim so we'd smoke a few numbers waiting for them. And you know, blokes who were half animal in Dublin would talk to you about things they'd normally be ashamed of, mots they fancied or nightmares or the future stretching away before them. They were too thick to know how bleeding short it was."

The Journey Home, Dermot Bolger.

no little
bollox in a
peaked cap
could come
along at
midnight
and turn it
off

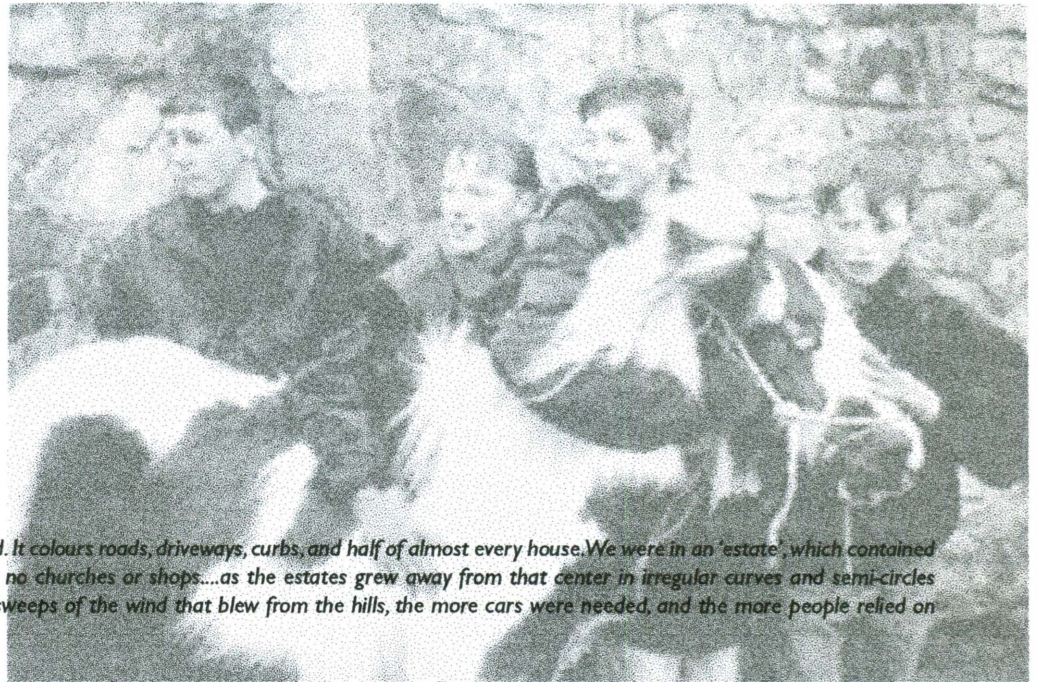




Hellfire Club, Dublin Mountains

DEVIL

MOVE



Outer Dublin is cement coloured. It colours roads, driveways, curbs, and half of almost every house. We were in an 'estate' which contained a playground and a school, but no churches or shops....as the estates grew away from that center in irregular curves and semi-circles which became tunnels for the sweeps of the wind that blew from the hills, the more cars were needed, and the more people relied on public transport.

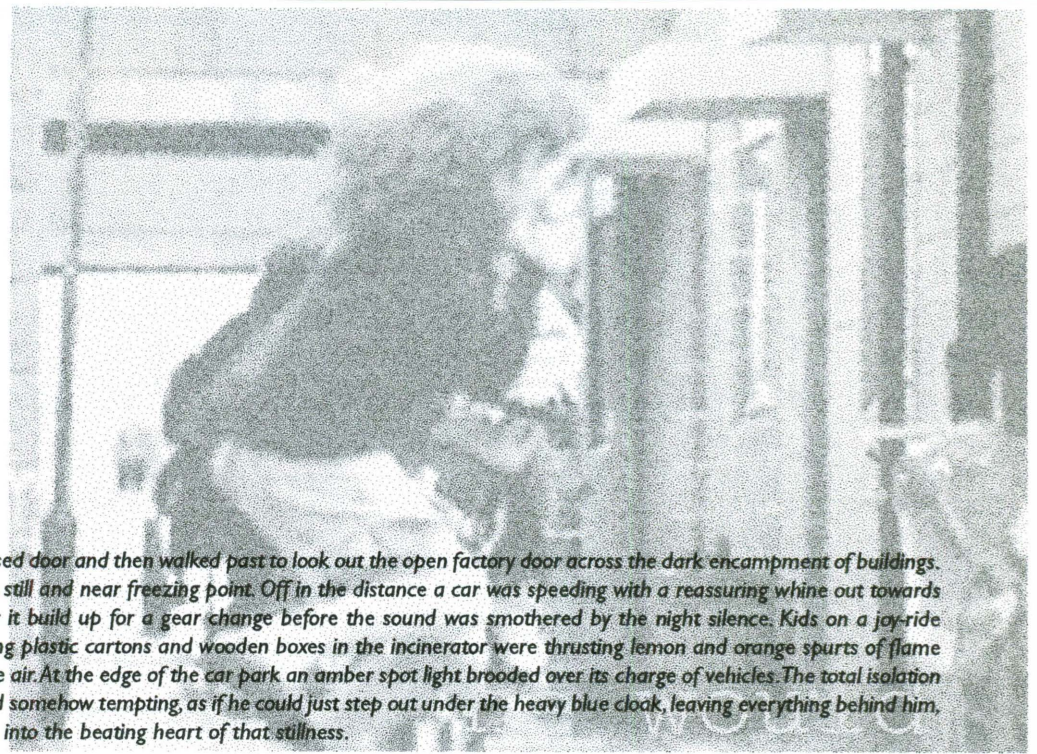
All of this was makeshift, almost everything had been added at the last minute. Once, we were told, a house caught fire, and it exploded as if it was built of kindling.

... the bus service was hopelessly inefficient. Often I waited, cursing, with my own laden bags; and I learned allot about the Irish patience. The foiled passengers whatever their needs or anxieties, would simply stand there and bear it.... Sometimes frustration would break out when women with kids at heel would clout and humiliate a child rather than complain about the service.

Fatalism shared is a sense of humour. It can even be charity.

Memory Ireland, Vincent Buckley.





Donal hesitated outside the closed door and then walked past to look out the open factory door across the dark encampment of buildings. Outside the night was perfectly still and near freezing point. Off in the distance a car was speeding with a reassuring whine out towards the countryside. He could hear it build up for a gear change before the sound was smothered by the night silence. Kids on a joy-ride probably. Across the yard burning plastic cartons and wooden boxes in the incinerator were thrusting lemon and orange spurts of flame up into the deep blueness of the air. At the edge of the car park an amber spot light brooded over its charge of vehicles. The total isolation of it all was both frightening and somehow tempting, as if he could just step out under the heavy blue cloak, leaving everything behind him, and he would be swallowed up into the beating heart of that stillness.

The Night Shift, Dermot Bolger.

be swal-
lowed up
into the
beating
heart of
that
stillness



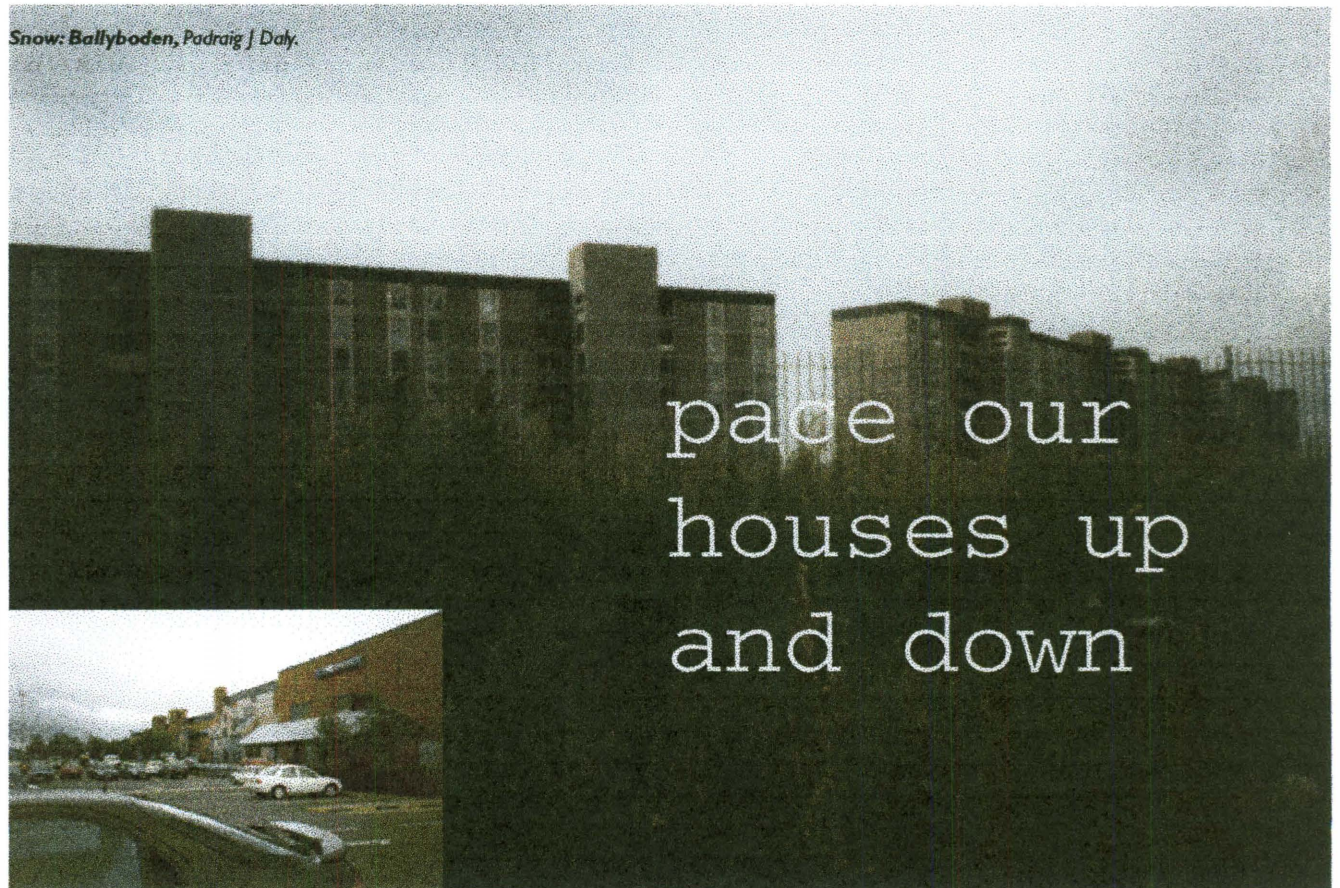
*You say you will leave this place
And take yourself off to God-knows where
A Galway cottage, a village in Greece,
-Anywhere but here:
Paris, Alexandria, Finglas,*

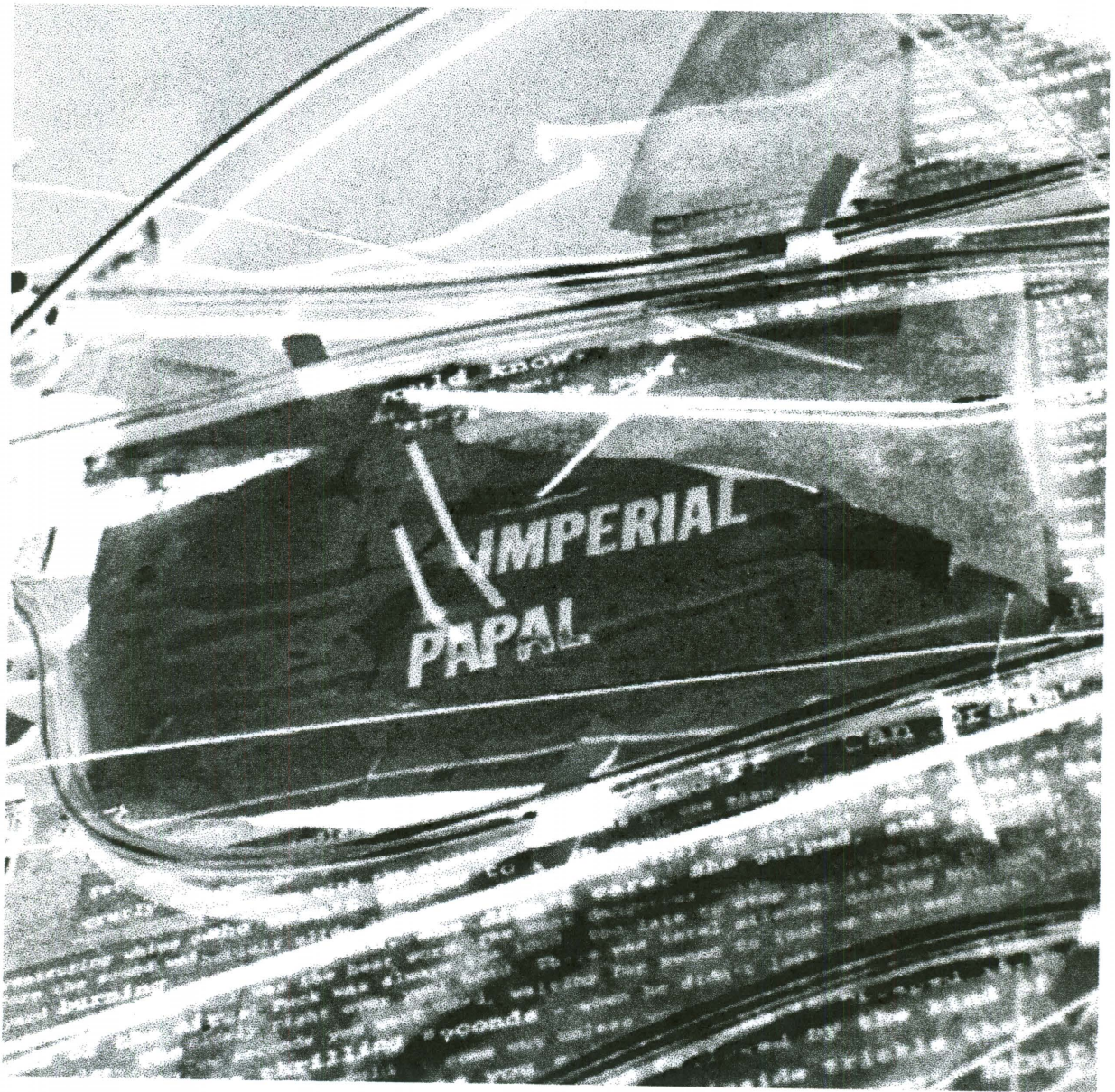
*We pace our houses up and down,
Go to doors and windows,
Hoping to discover some minute, perceptible change
In all the whiteness.*

*We bathe ourselves, wash out our old rooms,
Clean our houses down for very boredom.*

Slowly, inexorably, the silence conquers us.

Snow: Ballyboden, Padraig J Daly.

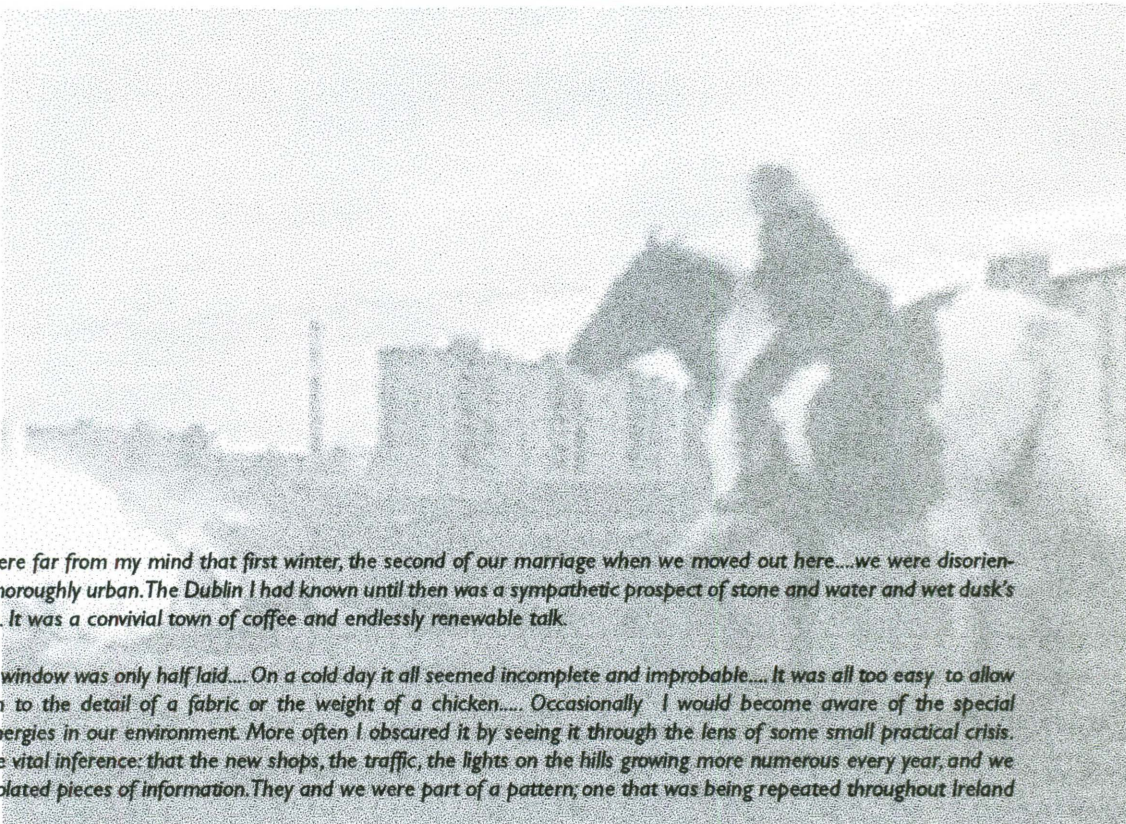




Papal Cross
Wellington Memorial

MOVE

**PAPAL
IMPERIAL**



Questions of place were far from my mind that first winter, the second of our marriage when we moved out here....we were disorientated. I, at least was thoroughly urban. The Dublin I had known until then was a sympathetic prospect of stone and water and wet dusk's over Stephen's Green. It was a convivial town of coffee and endlessly renewable talk.

The road outside our window was only half laid.... On a cold day it all seemed incomplete and improbable.... It was all too easy to allow a day to come down to the detail of a fabric or the weight of a chicken.... Occasionally I would become aware of the special contradictions and energies in our environment. More often I obscured it by seeing it through the lens of some small practical crisis. Above all I missed the vital inference: that the new shops, the traffic, the lights on the hills growing more numerous every year, and we ourselves were not isolated pieces of information. They and we were part of a pattern, one that was being repeated throughout Ireland in those years.

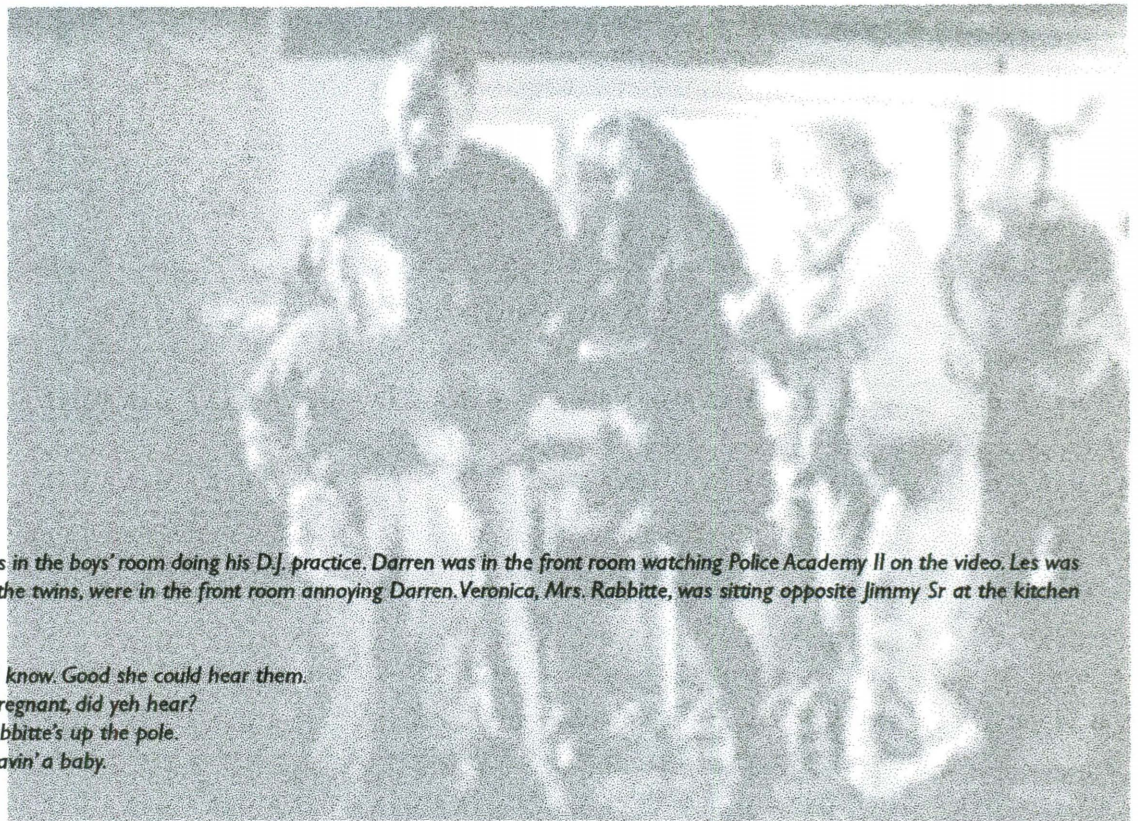
...other cities had prepared me to relish a place which had something of the theater of a city, and all the intimacy of a town.... None of it prepared me for a suburb. There is, after all a necessity about cities. By the time you come to them, there is something finished and inevitable about their architecture; even about their grime. You Accept both.

A suburb is altogether more fragile and transitory. In one year it can seem a whole road is full of bicycles, roller skates, jumble sales. Garages will be wide open, with children selling comics and out of date raisin buns. There will be shouting and calling far into the summer night. Almost as soon, it seems the same road will be quiet. The bicycles will be gone. The shouting and laughing will be replaced by one or two dogs barking in the back gardens. Curtains will be drawn till late morning and doors will stay closed.

At what point does an actual, exact landscape - those details which are recurrent and predictable - begin to blur and soften? Sometimes on a summer evening, walking between my house and a neighbour's, past the whitebeam trees and the bicycles left glinting in the dusk, I could imagine that I myself was a surreal and changing outline; that there was something almost profound in these reliable shadows; that such lives as mine and my neighbours were mythic, not because of their strangeness but because of their powerful ordinariness.

The need to be ordinary, Evan Boland.





Jimmy Jr was upstairs in the boys' room doing his D.J. practice. Darren was in the front room watching Police Academy II on the video. Les was out. Tracy and Linda, the twins, were in the front room annoying Darren. Veronica, Mrs. Rabbitte, was sitting opposite Jimmy Sr at the kitchen table.

Soon everyone would know. Good she could hear them.

- Sharon Rabbitte's pregnant, did yeh hear?

- Your one, Sharon Rabbitte's up the pole.

- Sharon Rabbitte's havin' a baby.

- I don't believe yeh!

- Jaysis

- Jesus! Are yeh serious?

- Who's she havin' it for?

- I don't know.

- She won't say. She doesn't know.

- She can't remember.

- Oh God, poor Sharon.

- That's shockin'.

- Mn.

- Dirty bitch.

- Poor Sharon.

- The slut.

- I don't believe her.

- The stupid bitch.

- She had tha' comin'.

- Serves her righ'.

- Poor Sharon.

she
gulped
and
gulped

She didn't wait at her usual bus-stop, across from work. She kept going, around the corner to the stop with the shelter. There was no one else there.

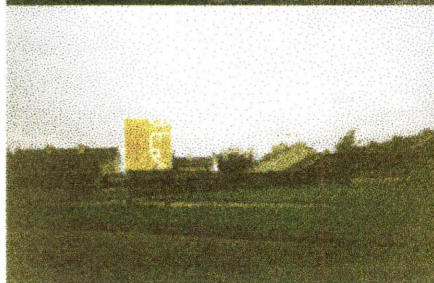
She couldn't stop crying. She wasn't trying to stop.

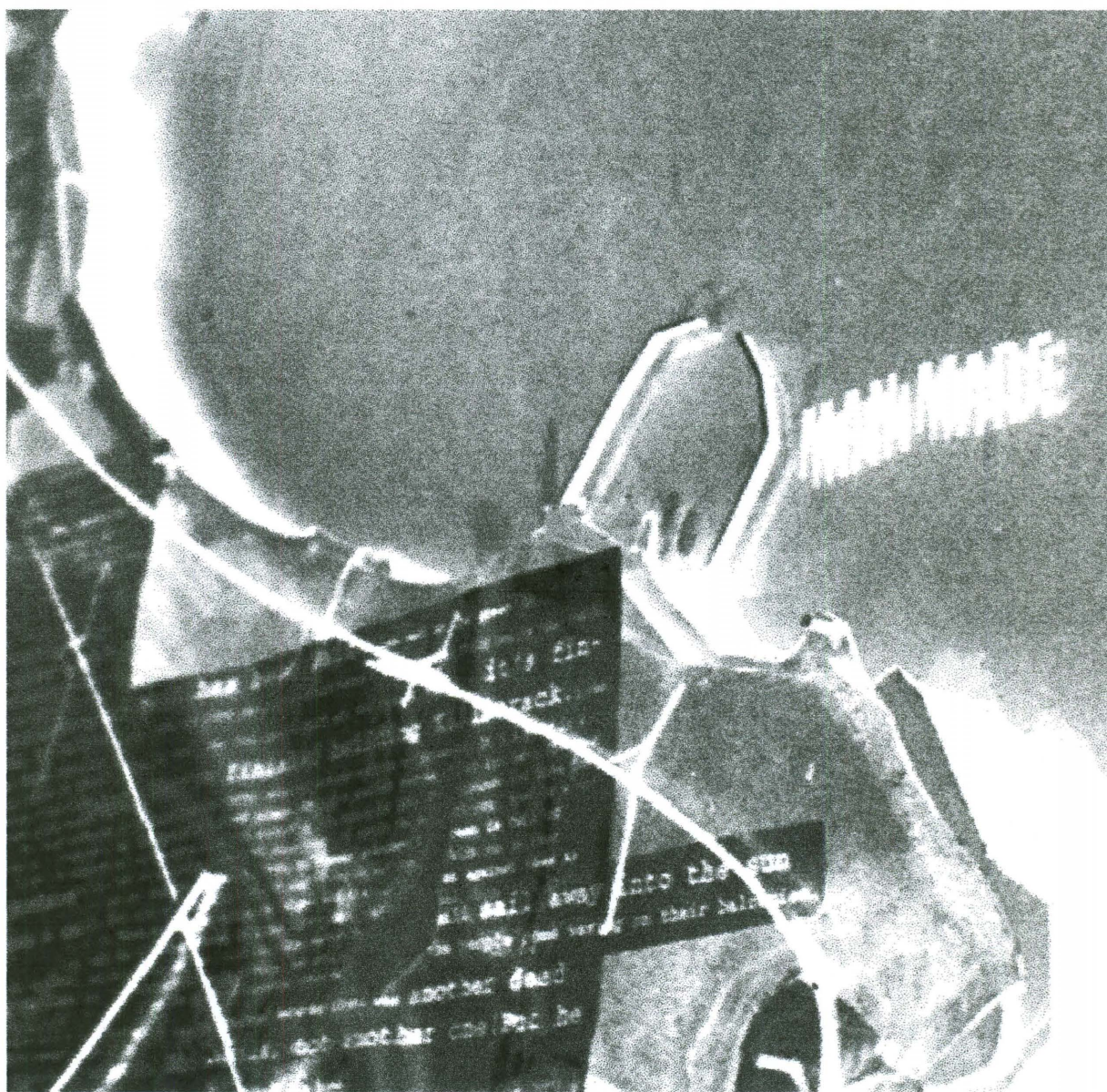
She leans back against the shelter ad. She gulped and let herself slide down to the ground. She fell the last bit. She didn't know how she'd get up again. She didn't care.

She gulped and gulped, and cried.

cried

The Snapper, Teddy Davis

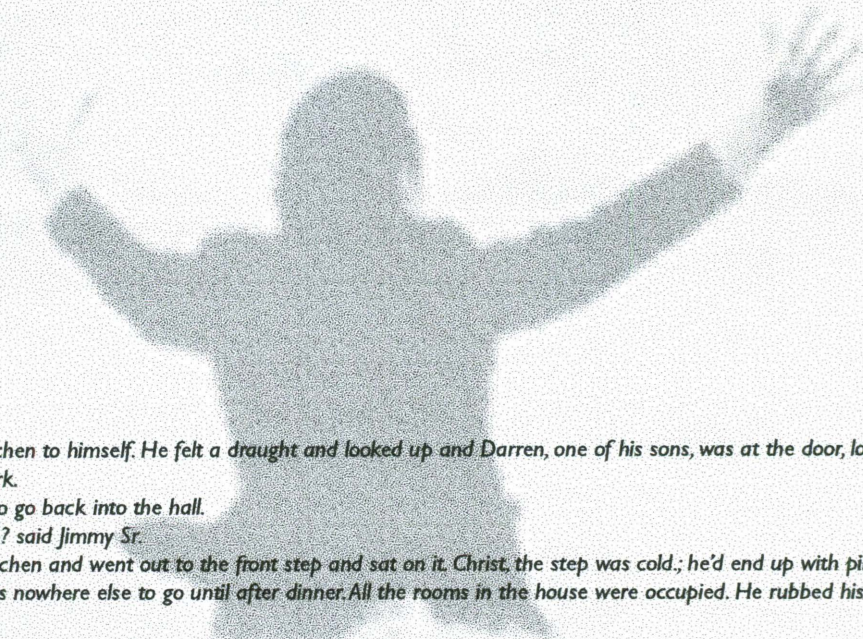




Piers at Dun Laoighaire

MOVE

MAN MADE



Jimmy Rabbitte Sr had the kitchen to himself. He felt a draught and looked up and Darren, one of his sons, was at the door, looking for somewhere to do his homework.

- Oh-, said Darren, he turned to go back into the hall.

- D'yeh need the table, Darren? said Jimmy Sr.

Jimmy Sr left Darren in the kitchen and went out to the front step and sat on it. Christ, the step was cold.; he'd end up with piles or the flu or something. But there was nowhere else to go until after dinner. All the rooms in the house were occupied. He rubbed his hands; it wasn't too bad.

He was tempted to have a bash at the garden but the grass was nearly all gone, he'd been cutting it so often. He'd have looked like a gobshite bringing the lawn-mower for a walk around a baldy garden, in the middle of November. There were weeds under the hedge, but they could stay there, he liked them; they made the garden look more natural. He'd painted the gate and the railings a few months back; red, and a bit of white, The Liverpool colours, but Darren didn't seem to care about that sort of thing any more.

The car went by again, the other way this time. He got a better look at the driver but he still didn't know him. He looked as if he was searching for a house he didn't know. He was only looking at the even numbers across the way. He might have been the police. That would've been good, watching the guards going in and arresting Frano Traynor again. It had been great gas the last time they'd done it, especially when Chrissie, Frano's mot, started flinging toys down at them from the bedroom window and she hit Frano with Barbie's Ferrari.

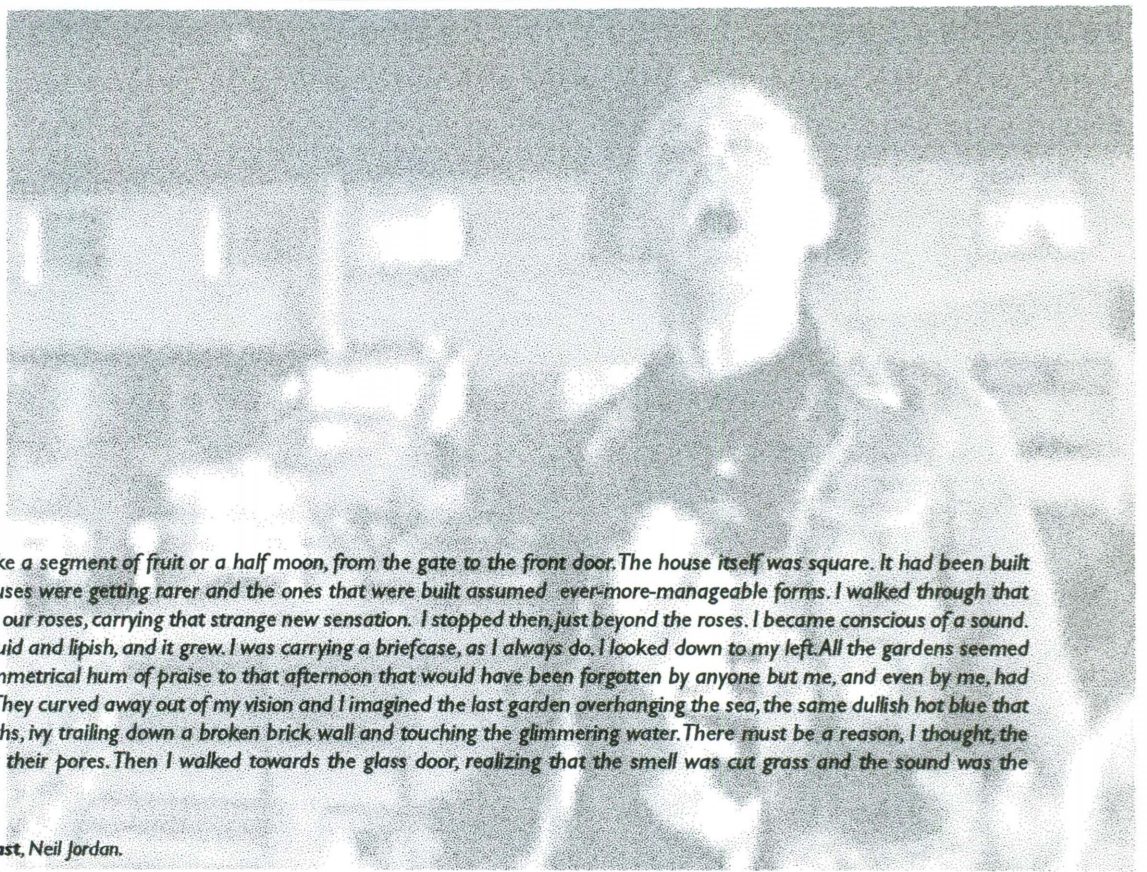
- Jesus; sorry, love!

That was easily their biggest problem though: young fellas..... They were cunts, right little cunts; dangerous as well.

There was a gang of them that hung around the Hikers carpark, young fellas, from fourteen to maybe nineteen. Even in the rain they stayed there. They just put their hoodies up. Some of them always had their hoodies up. They were all small and skinny looking but there was something frightening about them. The way they behaved you could tell they didn't give a fuck about anything. When someone parked his car and went into the pub they went over to the car and started messing with it even before the chap had gone inside. They didn't care if he saw them. Jimmy Sr once saw one of them pissing against the window of the off licensee, in broad daylight, not a bother on him. Sometimes they'd have a flagon or a can of lager out and they'd pass it around, drinking in front of the people coming in and out of Crazy Prices, people that lived beside their parents. It was sad.... The worst thing though was, they didn't laugh.

The Van, Roddy Doyle

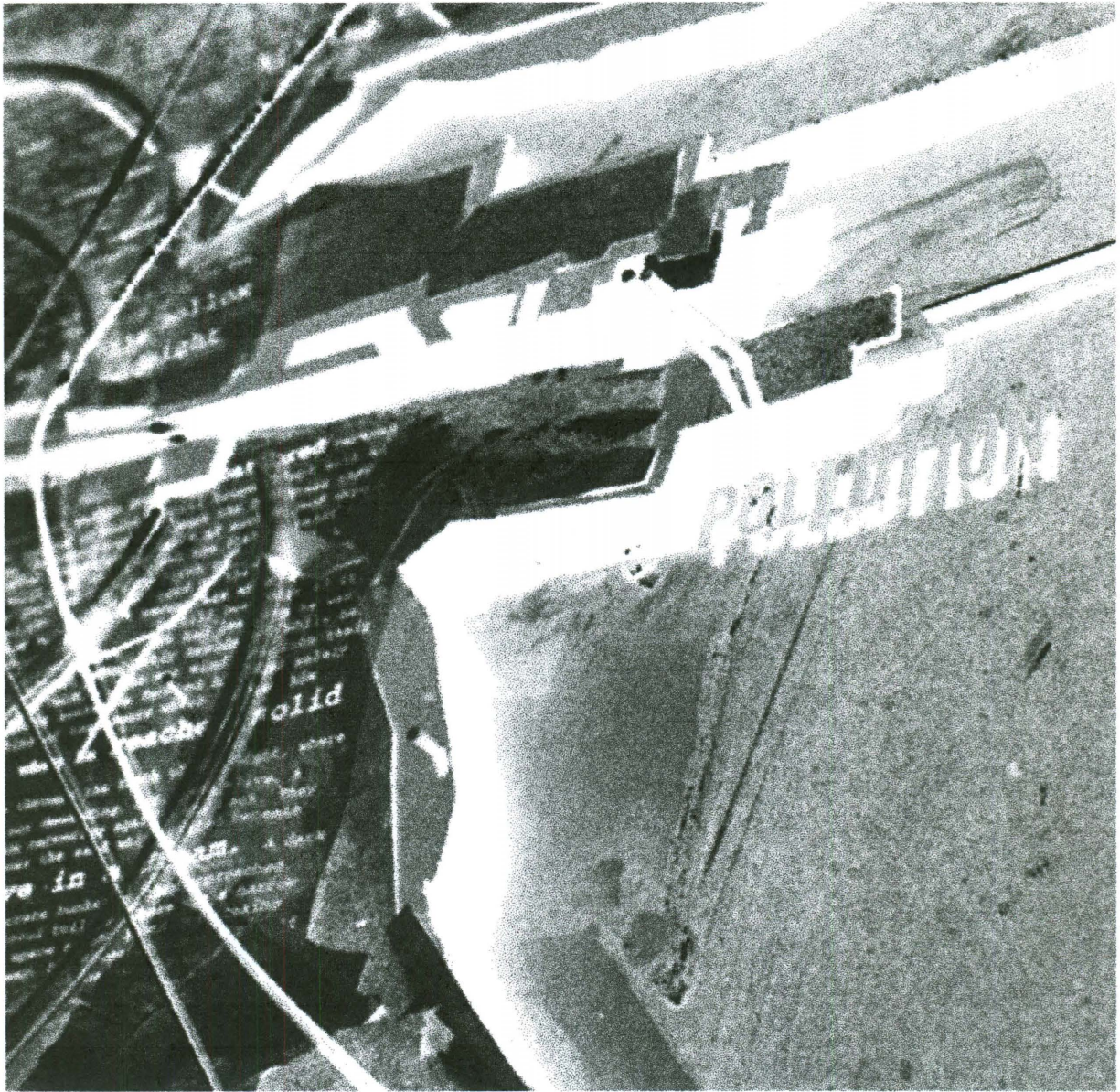




My garden curved, like a segment of fruit or a half moon, from the gate to the front door. The house itself was square. It had been built in the days when houses were getting rarer and the ones that were built assumed ever-more-manageable forms. I walked through that curve of garden, past our roses, carrying that strange new sensation. I stopped then, just beyond the roses. I became conscious of a sound. It was whispering, liquid and lipish, and it grew. I was carrying a briefcase, as I always do. I looked down to my left. All the gardens seemed to sing at once, a symmetrical hum of praise to that afternoon that would have been forgotten by anyone but me, and even by me, had the thing not begun. They curved away out of my vision and I imagined the last garden overhanging the sea, the same dullish hot blue that it had been for months, ivy trailing down a broken brick wall and touching the glimmering water. There must be a reason, I thought, the gardens are opening their pores. Then I walked towards the glass door, realizing that the smell was cut grass and the sound was the hissing of sprinklers.

The Dream of a Beast, Neil Jordan.





Pigeon House Chimneys.

POLLUTION

MOVE



Fuck was the best word. The most dangerous word. You couldn't whisper it.

- Gee!

Fuck was always too loud, too late to stop it, it burst in the air above you and fell slowly right over your head. There was total silence, nothing but Fuck floating down. For a few seconds you were dead, waiting for Henno to look up and see fuck landing on you. They were thrilling seconds - when he didn't look up. It was the word you couldn't say anywhere. It wouldn't come out unless you pushed it. It made you feel caught and grabbed the minute you said it. When it escaped it was like an electric laugh, a soundless gasp followed by the kind of laughing only forbidden things could make, an inside trickle that became a brilliant pain, bashing at your mouth to let it out. It was agony we didn't waste it.

I'd hold my arms out straight till they ached and I'd spin. I could feel the air against my arms, trying to stop them from going so fast, like dragging them through water. I kept going. Eyes open, little steps in a circle; my heels cut into the grass, made it juicy; really fast - the house, the kitchen, the hedge, the back, the other hedge, the apple tree, the house, the kitchen, the hedge, the back - waiting to stop my feet. I never warned myself. It just happened - the other hedge, the apple tree, the house, the kitchen - stop onto the ground, on my back, sweating, gasping everything still spinning. The sky - round and round - nearly wanting to get sick. Wet from sweating, cold and hot. Belch. I had to lie there till it was over. Round and round; it was better with my eyes open, trying to get my eyes to hang onto one thing and stop it from turning. Snot, sweat, round, round and round. I didn't know why I did it; it was terrible - maybe that was why. It was good getting there - spinning. Stopping was the bad bit, and after. It had to come; I couldn't spin forever. Recovering. Stuck to the ground. I could feel the world turning. Gravity sticking me down, holding me, my shoulders; my shins sore. The world was round and Ireland was stuck on the side; I knew that when I was spinning - falling off the world. The worst was when there was nothing in the sky, nothing to grab, blue blue blue.

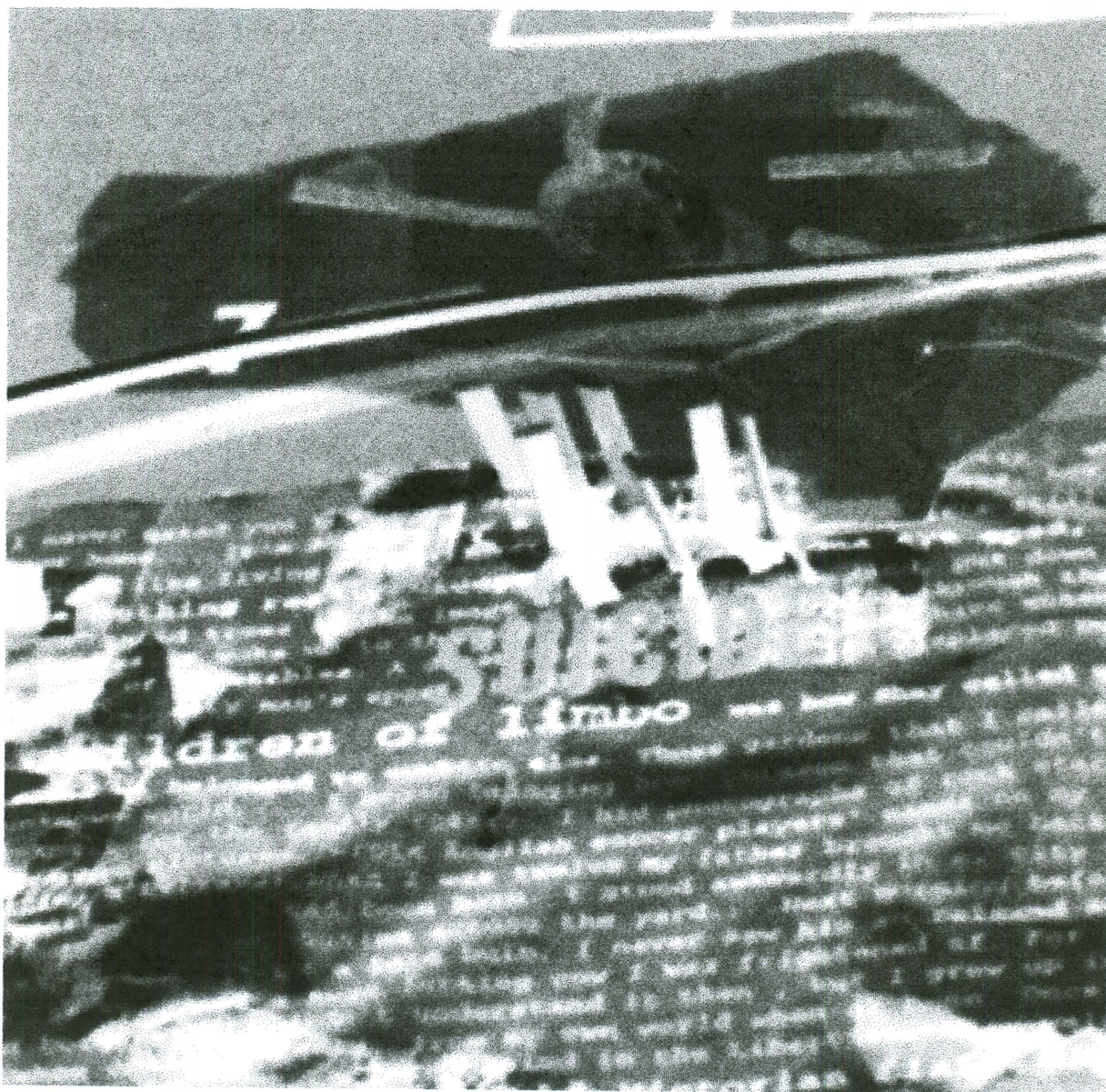
I only ever got sick once.

Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha, Roddy Doyle.



nothing to
grab, blue
blue blue.

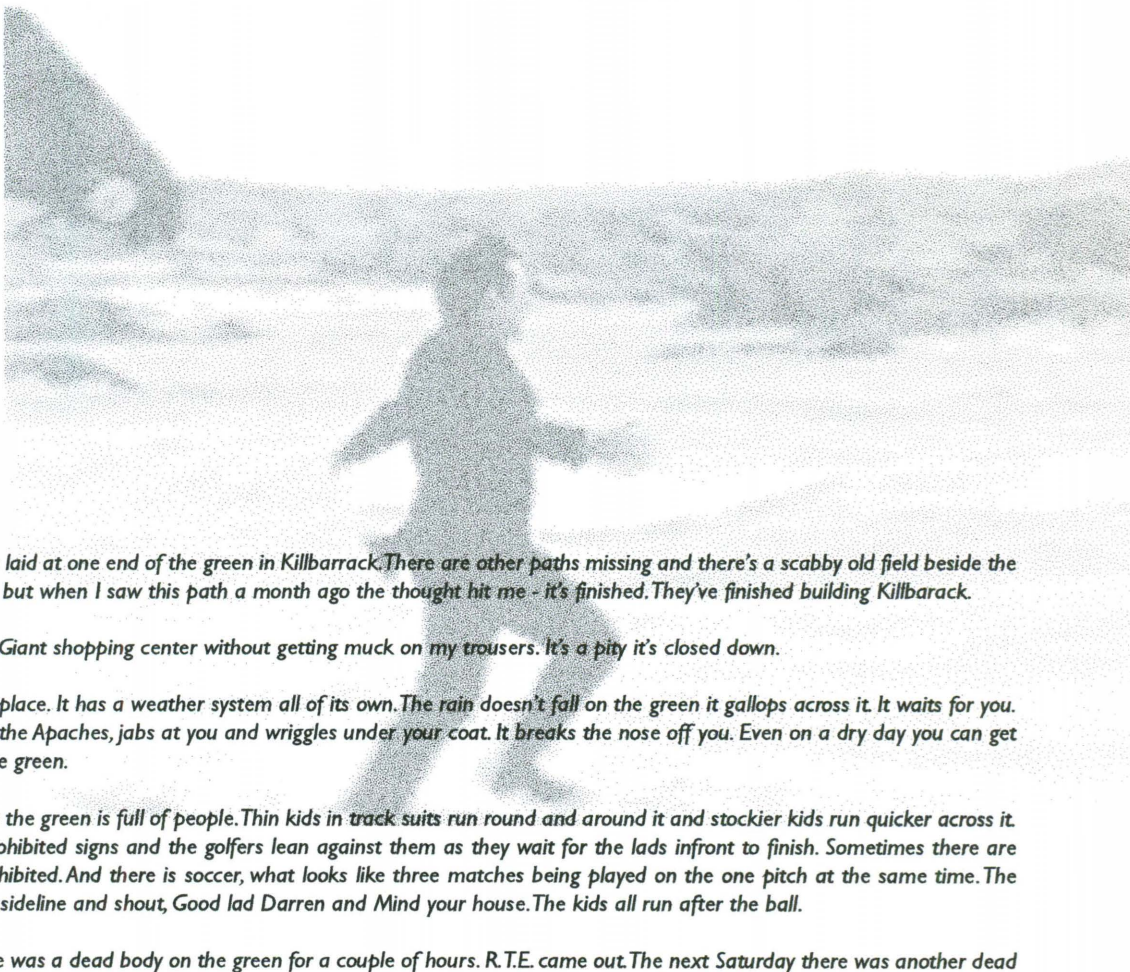




Towers of the Ballymun housing estate

SUICIDE

MOVE



A new path has been laid at one end of the green in Killbarrack. There are other paths missing and there's a scabby old field beside the tracks doing nothing, but when I saw this path a month ago the thought hit me - it's finished. They've finished building Killbarack.

I can now get to the Giant shopping center without getting muck on my trousers. It's a pity it's closed down.

The green is a great place. It has a weather system all of its own. The rain doesn't fall on the green it gallops across it. It waits for you. It surrounds you like the Apaches, jabs at you and wriggles under your coat. It breaks the nose off you. Even on a dry day you can get drenched crossing the green.

On summer evenings the green is full of people. Thin kids in track suits run round and around it and stockier kids run quicker across it. There are Golfing Prohibited signs and the golfers lean against them as they wait for the lads in front to finish. Sometimes there are horses. Polo isn't prohibited. And there is soccer, what looks like three matches being played on the one pitch at the same time. The fathers stand on the sideline and shout, Good lad Darren and Mind your house. The kids all run after the ball.

Last September there was a dead body on the green for a couple of hours. R.T.E. came out. The next Saturday there was another dead body there.

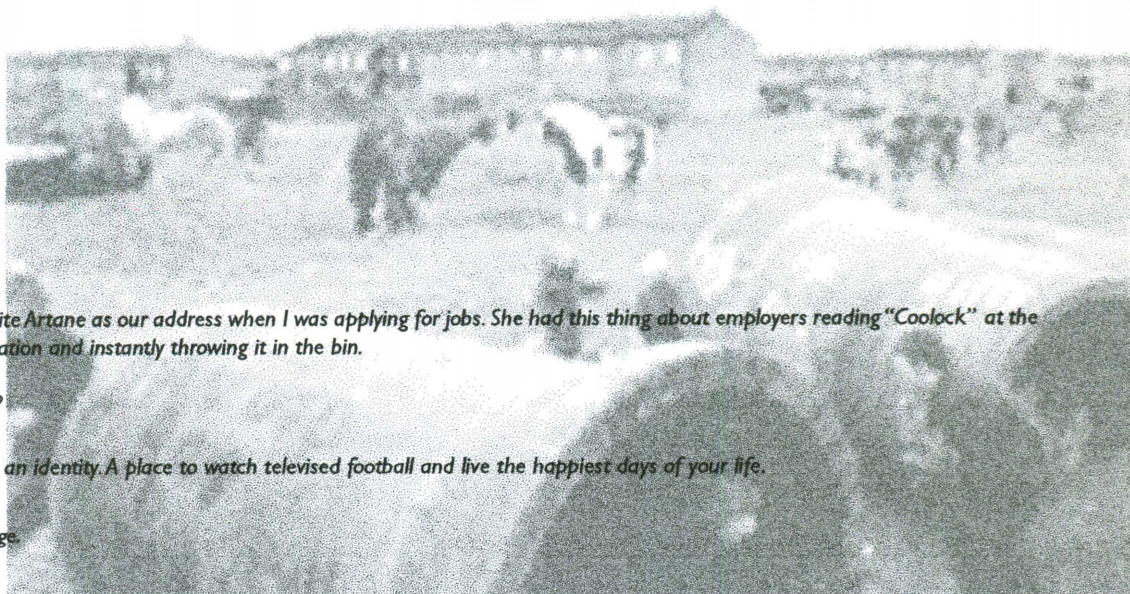
Ah! Jaysis, not another one!

But he was only drunk. The guards took him home.

Dead bones and Chickens Roddy Doyle.

a new path
has been
laid at one
end of the
green...it's
finished



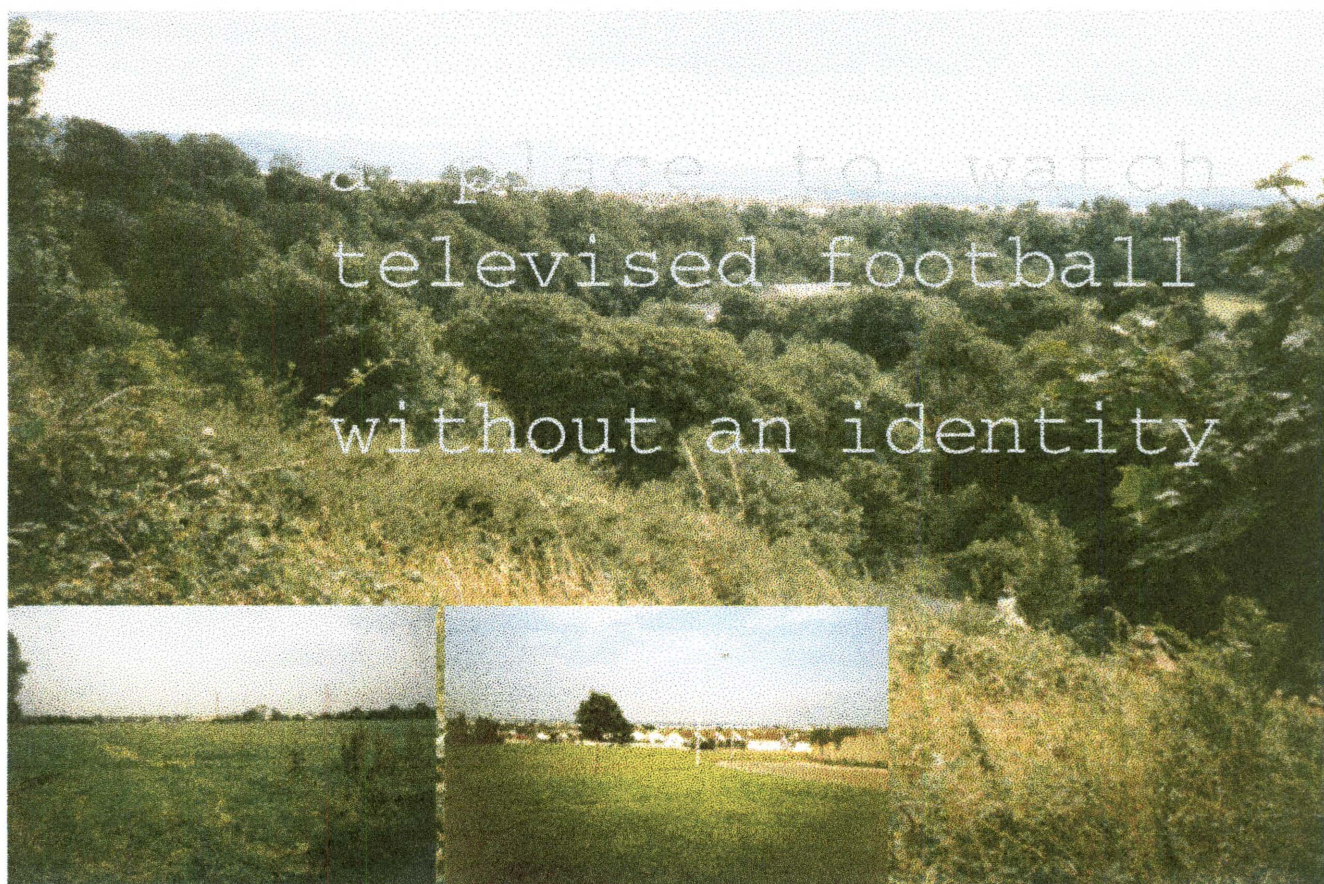


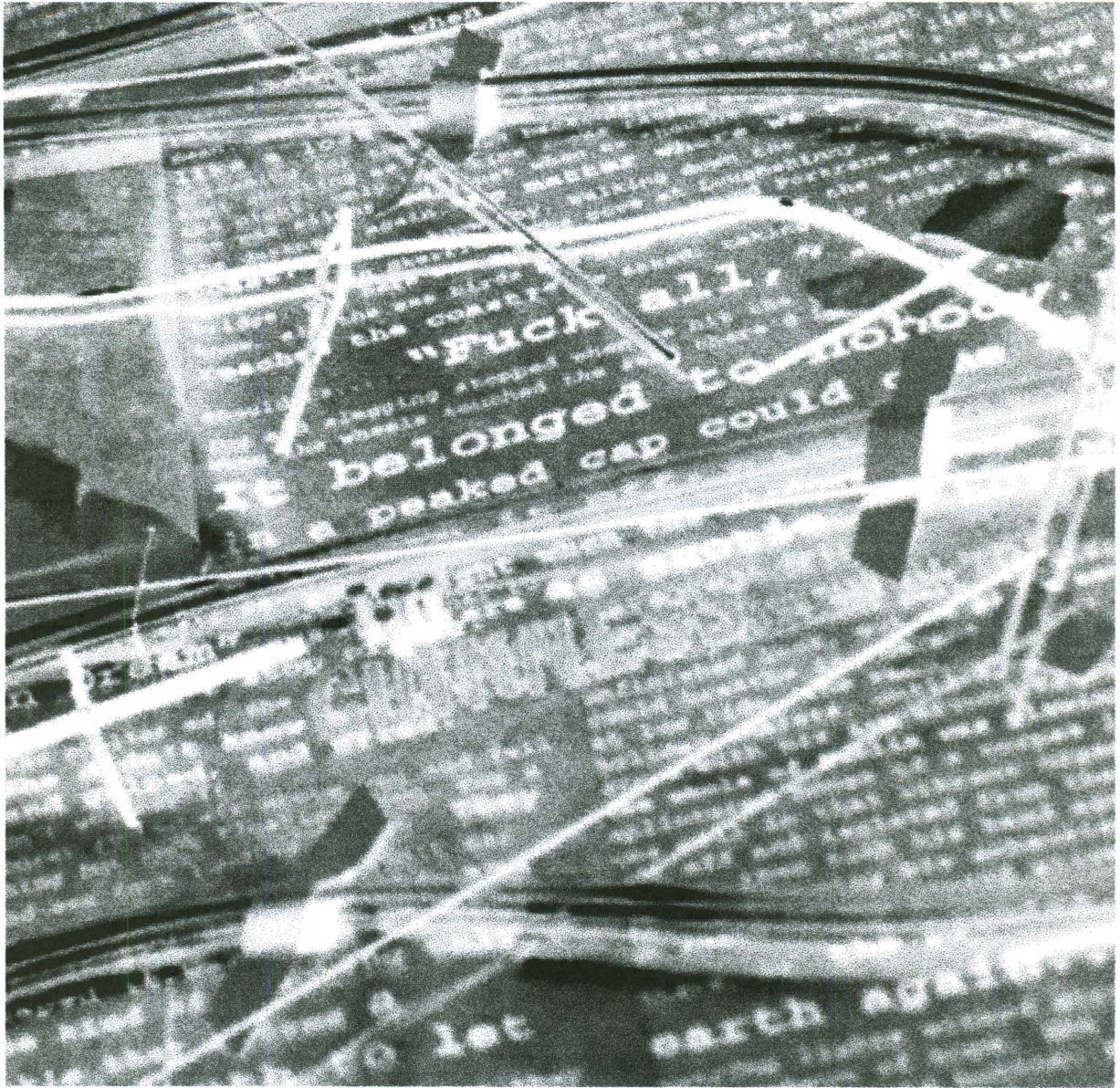
Me ma made me write Artane as our address when I was applying for jobs. She had this thing about employers reading "Coolock" at the bottom of the application and instantly throwing it in the bin.

So where is Coolock?

It's a suburb without an identity. A place to watch televised football and live the happiest days of your life.

Coolock, Paul Kimmage.

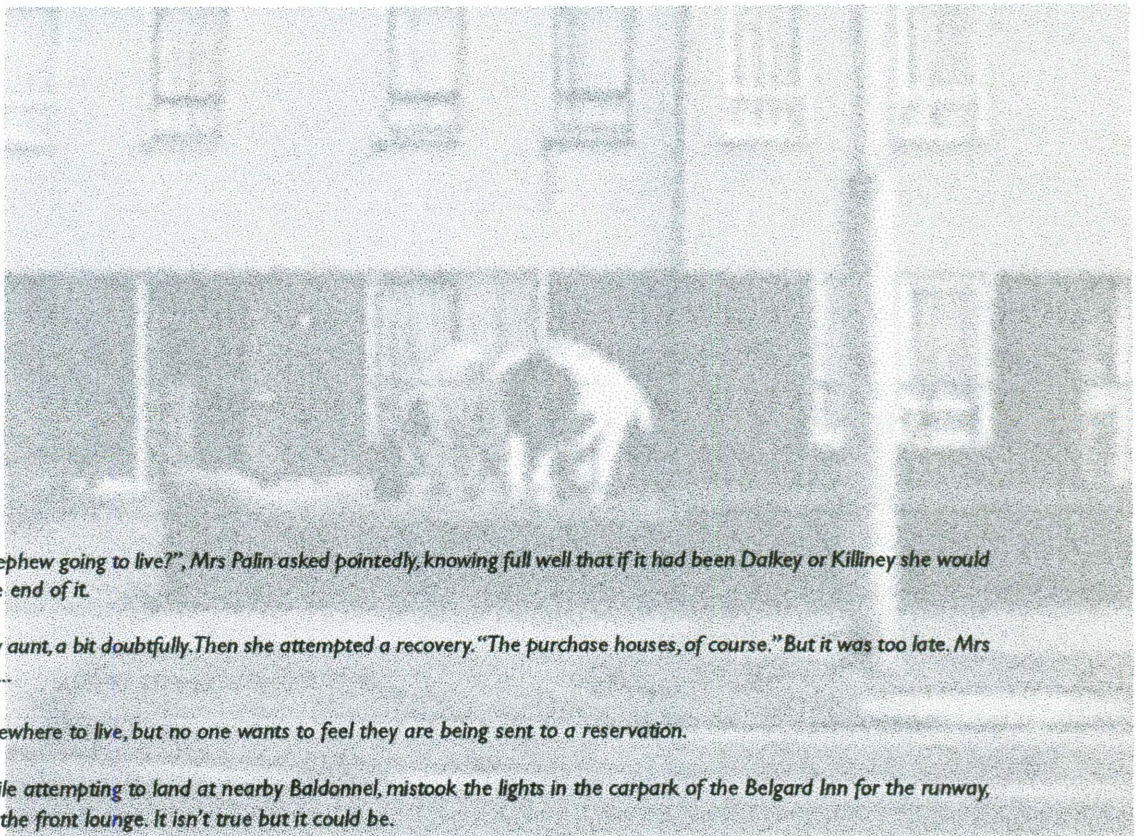




Guinness Brewery, St. James' Gate

GUINNESS

MOVE



"And where's your nephew going to live?", Mrs Palin asked pointedly, knowing full well that if it had been Dalkey or Killiney she would never have heard the end of it.

"Tallaght", replied my aunt, a bit doubtfully. Then she attempted a recovery. "The purchase houses, of course." But it was too late. Mrs Palin's sniff said it all...

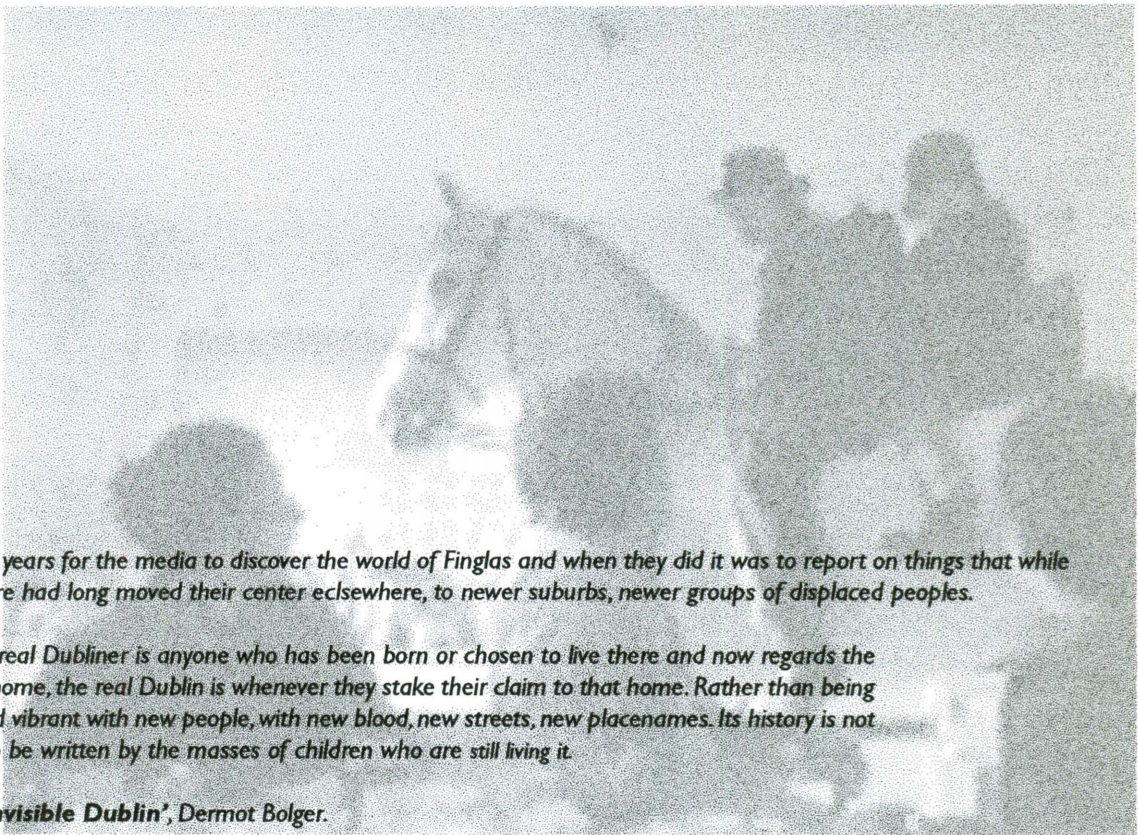
Everyone needs somewhere to live, but no one wants to feel they are being sent to a reservation.

....in Air Corps jet, while attempting to land at nearby Baldonnell, mistook the lights in the carpark of the Belgard Inn for the runway, and landed safely in the front lounge. It isn't true but it could be.

Tallaght, Kieran Fagan.

needs some-
where to
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are being
sent to a
reservation.



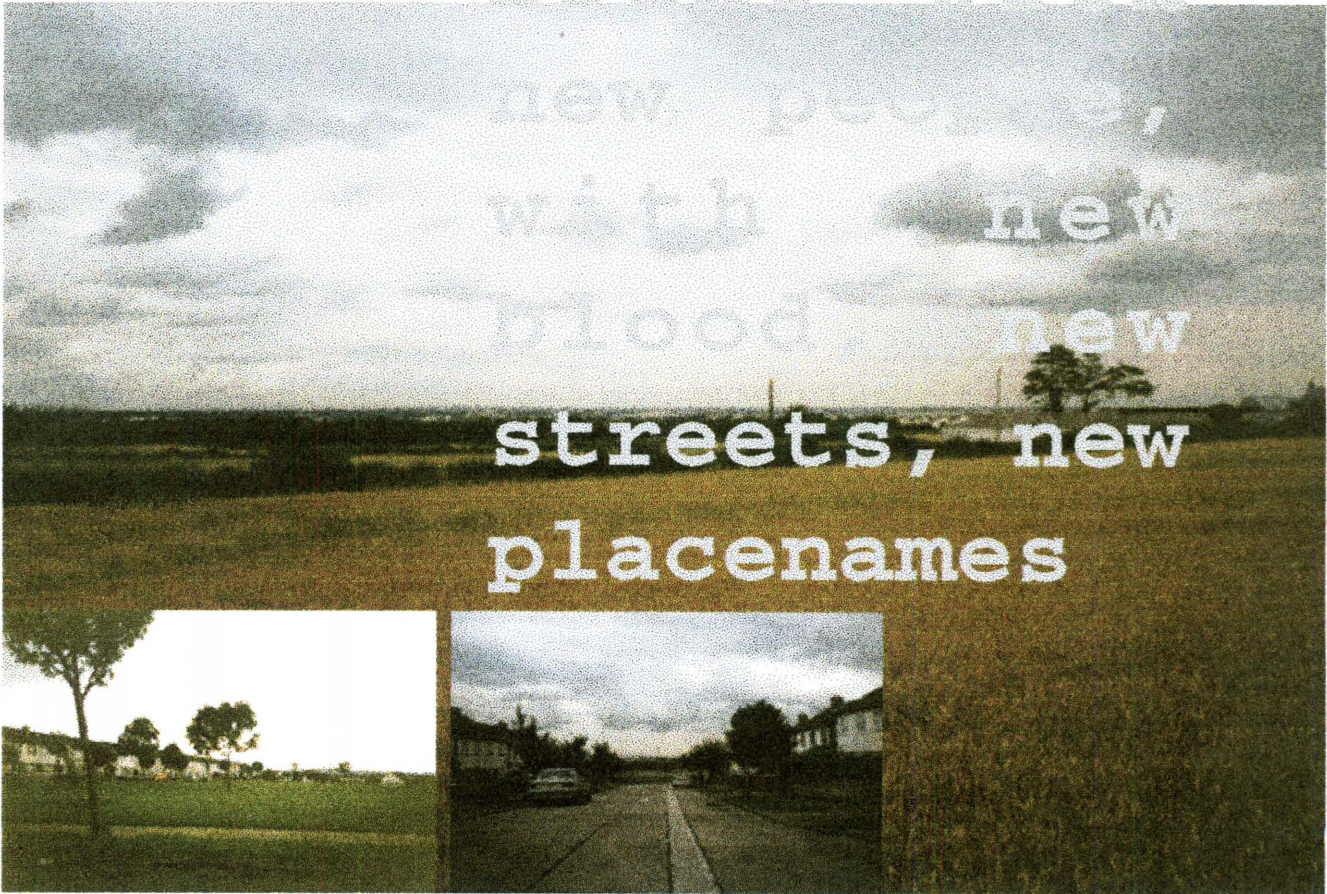


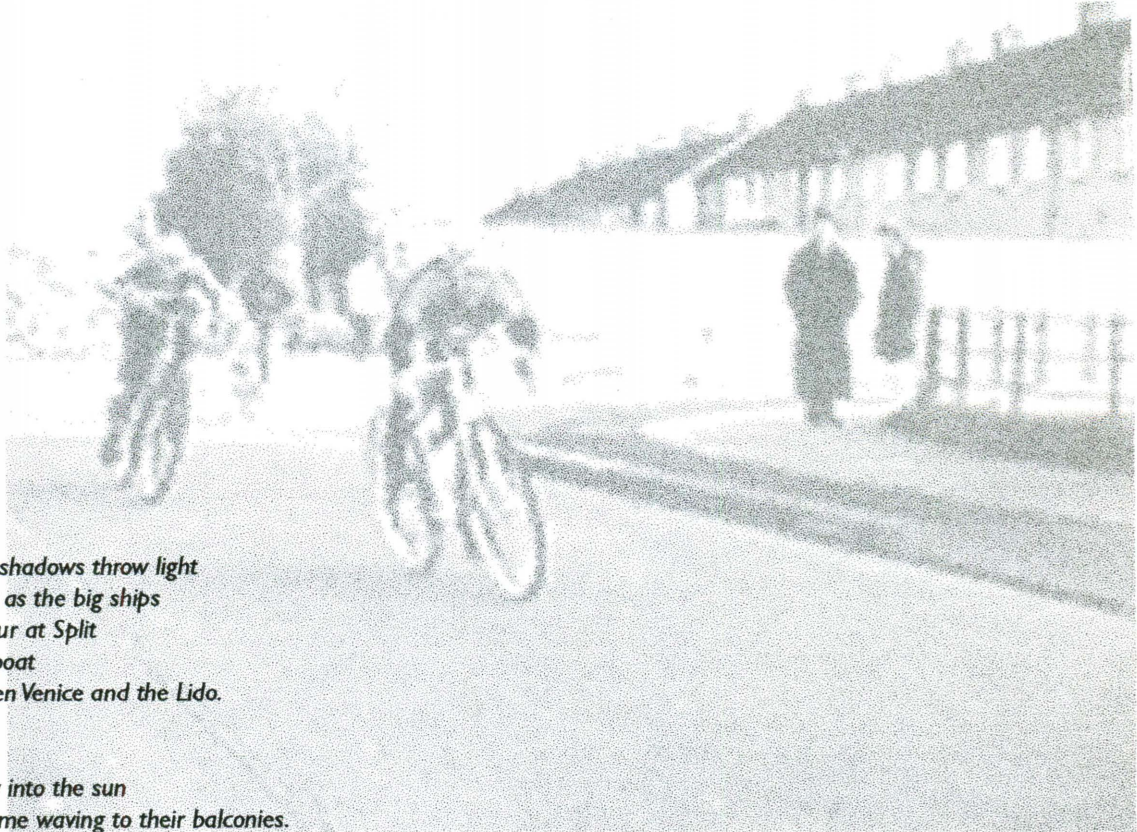
It seemed to take years for the media to discover the world of Finglas and when they did it was to report on things that while still occurring, there had long moved their center elsewhere, to newer suburbs, newer groups of displaced peoples.

To me, at least, a real Dubliner is anyone who has been born or chosen to live there and now regards the city as his or her home, the real Dublin is whenever they stake their claim to that home. Rather than being dead it is alive and vibrant with new people, with new blood, new streets, new placenames. Its history is not finished but yet to be written by the masses of children who are still living it.

Introduction to **'Invisible Dublin'**, Dermot Bolger.

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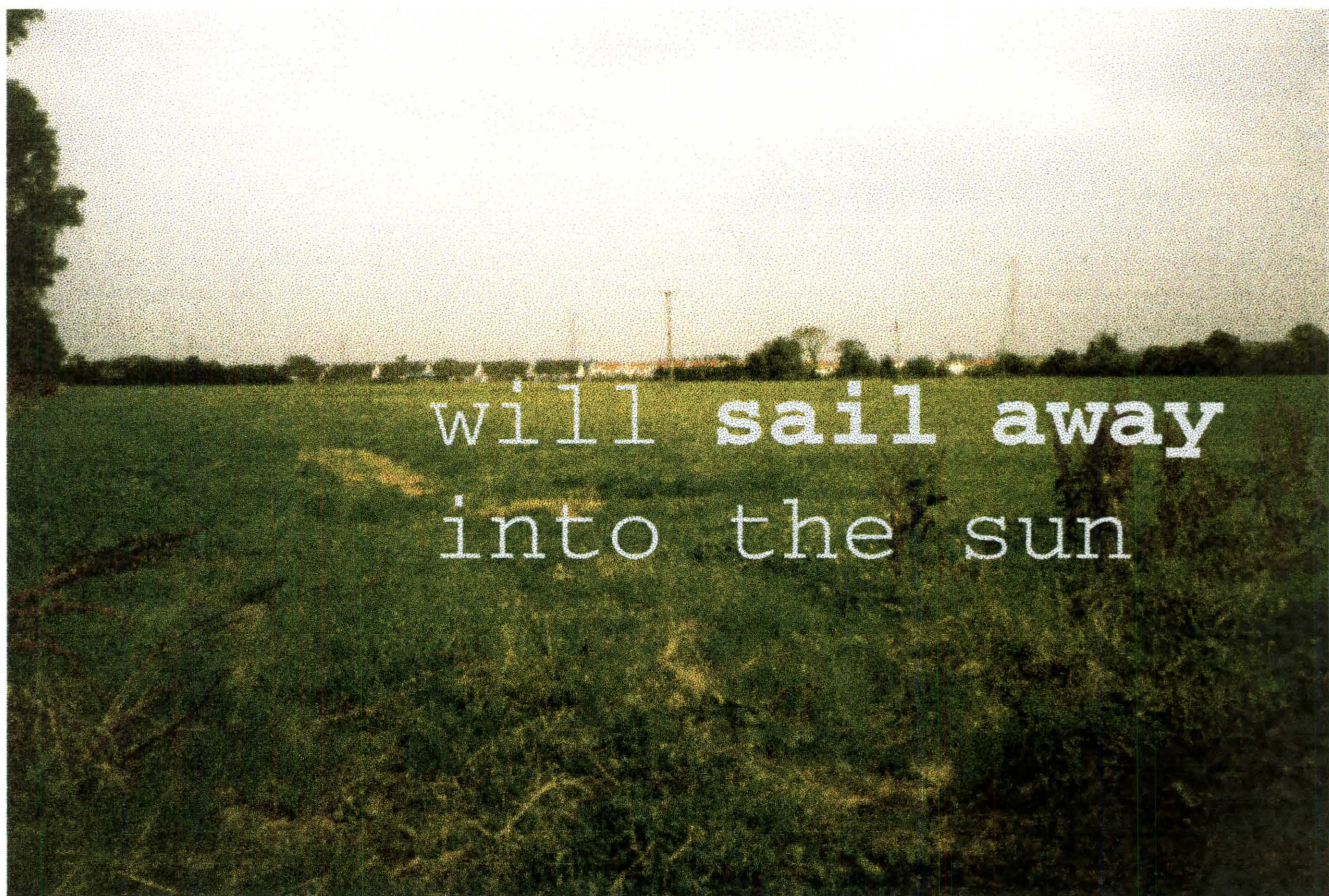




At night when the shadows throw light
They are as exotic as the big ships
I saw in the harbour at Split
Or the giant ferryboat
That chugs between Venice and the Lido.

And some day too
They will sail away into the sun
And the people come waving to their balconies.

Padraig J. Daly, *Vicar Street Flats I.*



...again, the other way this time. He got a better look at the
our eyes in a tropical dream
...you realize that you shall never leave here! This, or next, w
rds going in and arresting Frano Traynor again. It had been gr
ar life, grow old in the same suburban lounge bars
it, especially when Chrissie, Frano's mot, started flogging t
ngering a coin in your otherwise empty pockets. And no matter t
window and she hit Frano with Barbie's Ferrari. Je
the same. The plastic sun of Finglas Squatting on every h
ly their biggest problem though: young fellas... They were c
s as well. The slot machines you fed have rung up blanks not ju
of place were far from my mind that first winter, the sec
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The mo... y... ce... a... er it.
iting an... ill... a... t... su... ant... almost... a... on, i
too low... too... e... p... st... th... air... ove, y
The bi... les... ta... g... e... tin... a... l... hing
head. Th... e was... ta... g... to... e... t... in... a... y... dow
waiting for him to look up and see. Iack... and... you... draw
stay closed. My garden curved like a segment of fruit or a
nt door. The house itself was square. It had been built in th
er you pushed it. It made you feel caught and gra
ta. When it escaped it, was like an electric
flowed by the kind of laughing only forbidde

plains of fingall

suicide

void

left over

river tolka

imperial

royal canal

papal

river liffe

no place

grand canal

in-between

guinness

mountains

consumer

empty field

mountains

pollution

river dodder

open space

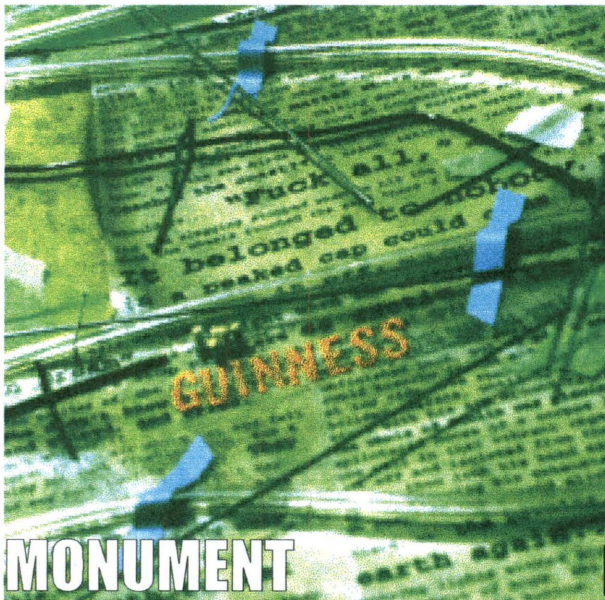
devil

mountains

where?

manmade

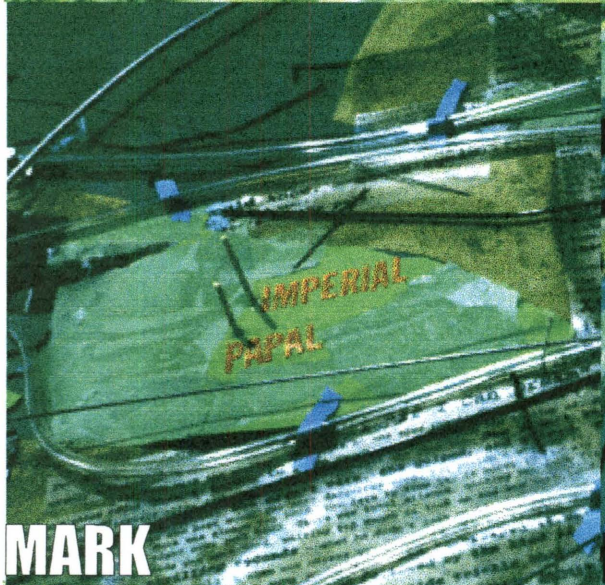
SITE



MONUMENT



PIECE



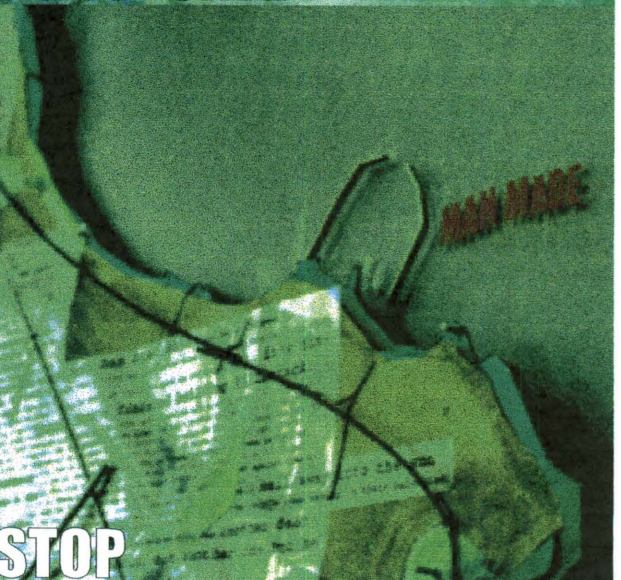
MARK



PUNCTUATE



FRAGMENT



STOP

“All changed changed utterly:

A terrible beauty is born.” W.B.Yeats.

DREAM

The project began with the identification of a dream. This dream being a desire to escape. A hope to escape from yourself, your situation, your life, even if only for a moment. This frustrated energy is only alive in the world of make believe. The project will provides valves in the landscape where this energy could be let out into the realm of the “real” .

This dream finds its freedom in the in-between zones the gaps the left over places The dream floats free where it can. It can only be free in the unclaimed spaces, the in-between, the un-built, the uncontrolled the void.

OCEANIC LANDSCAPE

The terrain is likened to an ocean world. In this oceanic zone nothing is fixed, people, houses, factories are floating without reason. They float as discrete fragments of life, a fragment as small as the individual and as large as a general “estate” area. These blobs of discrete existences are untied and are ultimately, if unnoticed free.

This lack of place and unfixed-ness makes freedom possible the trap of life is only as existent as it is in the mind. The escape longed for is available but passes unnoticed. It lies quietly, a secret waiting for discovery. To be rooted and fixed, thought of as missing, is merely to be trapped.

MAGIC ZONES

After considering the site as this oceanic environment the first move is to identify the potent open spaces. They are marked and preserved as such.

Seven open spaces are marked.

These seven fields are at the edge of the city as the distinction between city and country blurs. In these fields the struggle of life in this zone will be made apparent. In the fields are constructed pieces, paths, bridges etc. which become beacons in this mark-less zone. They are references both physical position and state of mind.

These markers occur outside the “Westlink” road. They reference back and forwards, to the country and to the city to the past and present. The seven fields and paths become reference points from far and an alternative journey or path to be used. Navigation in this zone is altered. Path joins to path to path becoming a secret, continuous link about the city. These moments are experienced as a string of events, random interruptions or as intimate sensual experiences at close range.

The siting of these fields, paths and pieces is not a completely random exercise. Each is identified firstly as site specific, and secondly related, with returning, reinterpreted elements to the next. The conditions of the zone are exaggerated by the interventions. The repeating and manipulated elements of stair tower, ramp, bridge, path and the materials are made unique to each condition.

LINK

Considering of movement along “Westlink” became a starting point. It becomes a new reference point for the city. It is the only continuous element to be crossed or at least reckoned with as you navigate. This new “promenade” leaves the city center behind and embraces the new free, zone. Movement along the road extends or contracts, tightness or openness to close or far horizons. As one moves along three distinct zones emerge. First the mountains, then the west moving communications - rivers and rail and canal and then the vast expansive plains to the north.

FIELD OF DEBRIS

The built interventions or structures on these seven sites, the fields, form a fragmented loop, a field of debris around the city. This debris scattered in the manner of an airline crash. Beginning with the greatest impact on the ground (7), forming a large recessed field spreading to thinner, more linear (4, 5 & 6) marks and finally a

completely fragmented, sharp, clusters of debris (1, 2 &3) on the mountain side.

THE MOUNTAINS vertical containment

Passing along the road parallel to the mountains the mountains contain and echo back the rhythm of anything sent towards them. The view is closed, the spectator trapped. This steady rolling rhythm is contrasted by short, sharp jolts of the constructed fragments.

THE SLOTS controlled views

The views extent out of the city in slots. The experience is already interrupted into contained views. The proposal links and brings continuity. Bridging the gaps between the movements - water, trains or cars.

THE PLAINS horizontal extension

Horses graze next to burnt out cars next to tower apartment blocks in this wasteland filled with disjointed but endless houses. There is no limit here, no restraints, no containment the field is open, but slightly depressed to contain. It is ready to gallop, run or roll across.

CHANGING GROUND LEVELS

As the movement from sea, to mountains to plains back to sea is considered the ground level related to the sea is always changing. The elevation of the ground lowers steadily from mountain to plain.

At the highest point, the mountains there is containment and as the ground sinks it becomes flat and expansive enabling more freedom. The constructions in the fields, or the built pieces reflect this shift. The higher pieces on the higher ground allow escape by rising from the trap from going to containment on the flat zone. The ground is gradually impinged upon.

The mark soars for freedom or sinks for containment to stop a disappearance in an attempt to always remain visible.

TOUCH

The materials are rough, tough, put together, crude, balanced. The pieces that make up each part are completely fragmented, nothing “fits”. Pieces hang and dangerously sway, gaps underfoot reveal passing cars or rushing waters or frame the ground, twisted paths reveal new ends, stair towers glint, a moment, blinding from afar. The surfaces are shiny and slippery, tough and resilient or rotting. Parts of paths crumble, links drop off, revealing a new journey or a new navigation waiting to be discovered.

JOURNEY

The project embraces a journey around the city. Continuous or random. Both the city and each constructed piece are a journey.

These journeys are for the spirit and thought. Thoughts about the city, place, alienation, relationship to others or lonesome brooding.

Each journey leads to a destination or passes points. These “stops” are either an event or a non-event, to be alone, to be with others, to discover self, to discover others or the city. Each piece becomes a social tester or a social condenser. These condensers may frustrate, ask too many questions without providing answers. Primarily they are to be a stimulation.

EVENT NOT PROGRAM

The interventions in these fields are program-less. They suggest program, possible paths, possible journeys, possible places alone, possible places together, to watch or be seen, but never too dogmatically defined. They are places of event or non-event. Escape in density of active paths or the powerful zero density of the void. In an attempt to retain the freedom already existing the program is left open for interpretation (lovers meeting, cider drinking, dog walking, dog barking, drug dealing, bike racing, picnic eating, horses galloping, motorbikes screeching). As mentioned in the introduction the pieces will be nothing until used. With this approach it will always represent a time and a place and never become static.

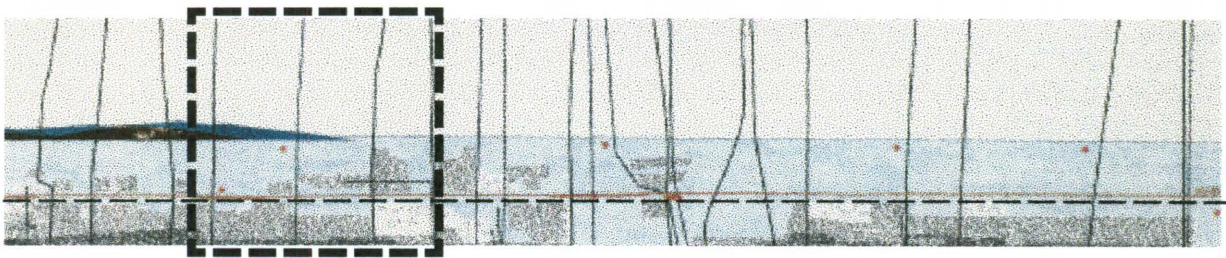
To avoid being static avoids the peril of becoming a monument.

IMAGINED PLACE

It not even have to exist?

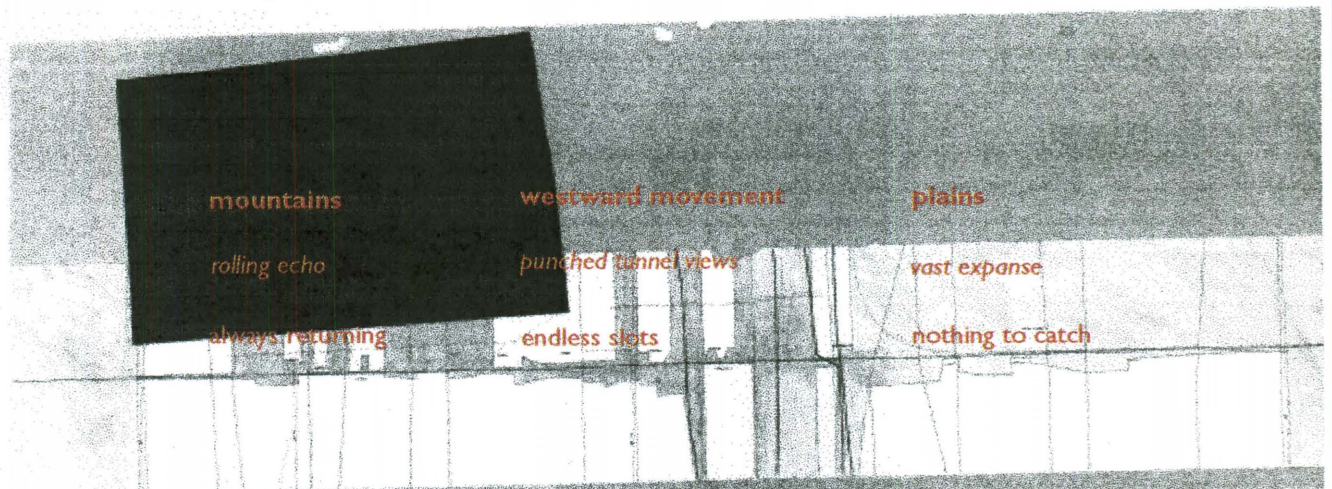


Beach Co. Galway, West of Ireland

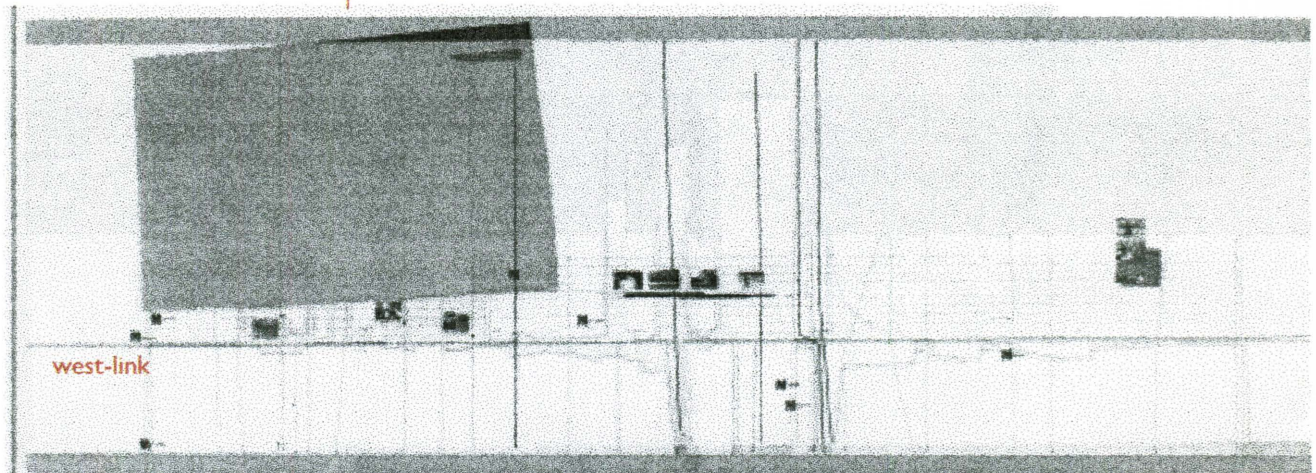
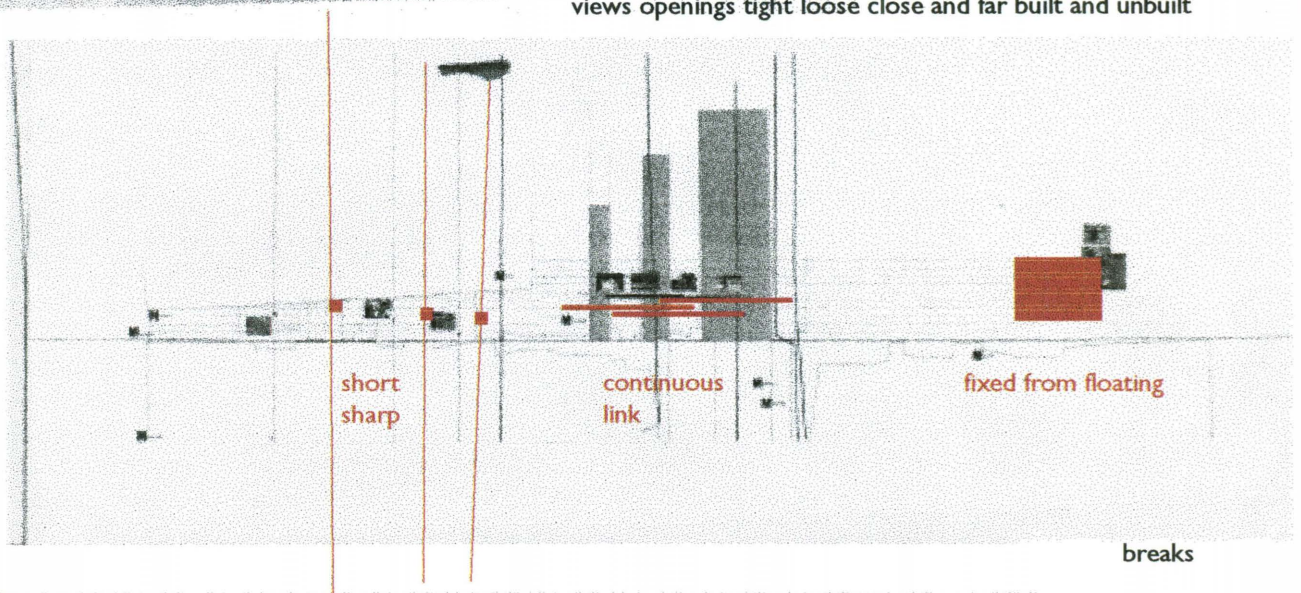


Map of city extruded along the new "westlink" road viewed out towards country - text represents the housing estates and the horizontal red line is the "west-link" road crossed by roads, rivers, canals, rail lines etc.

OCEANIC ZONE



views openings tight loose close and far built and unbuilt



combined views rhythm and stops along the "Westlink"

RHYTHM

COUNTRY

moments of escape

5km

4km

3km

2km

1 km

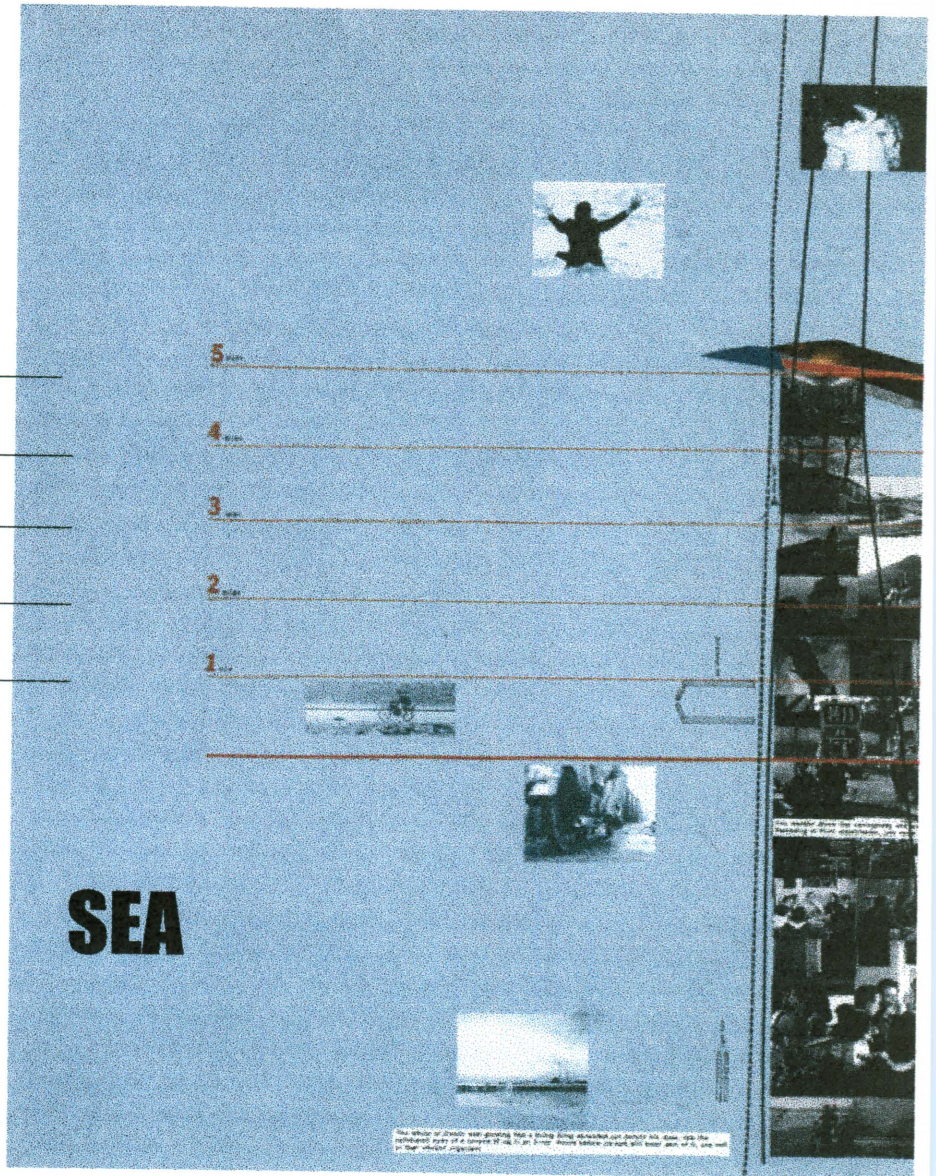
CONTINUITY

The 'West-Link Motor Way

CITY

living
reality
daily
life
built
area
covered
trap

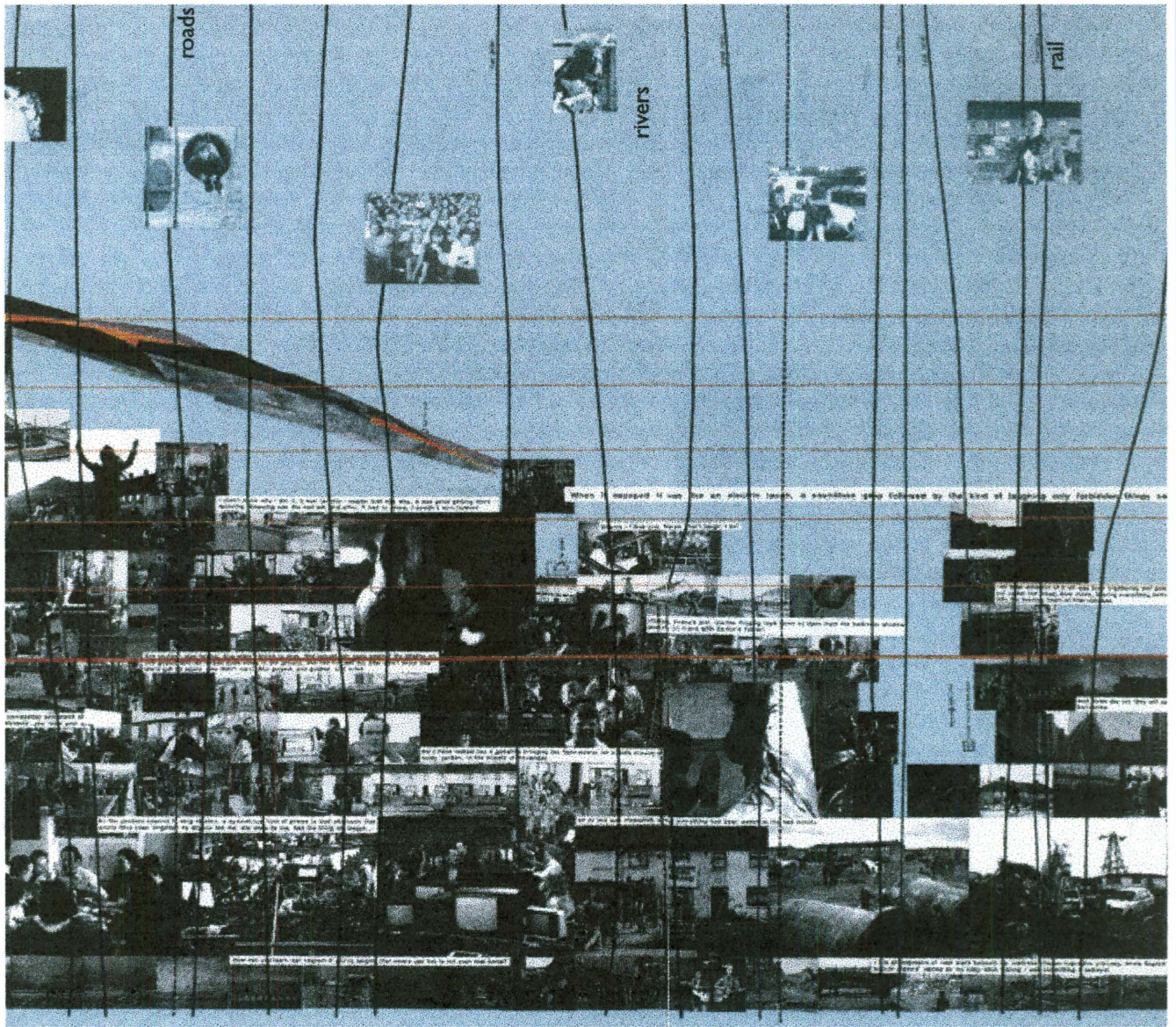
SEA



MONUMENT and ESCAPE

66

pigeon house
dun laoiighaire pier
dalkey head

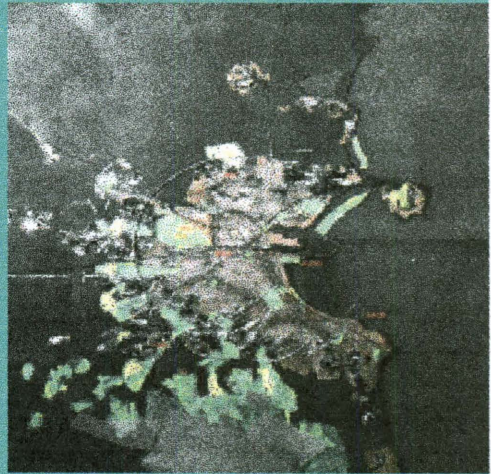
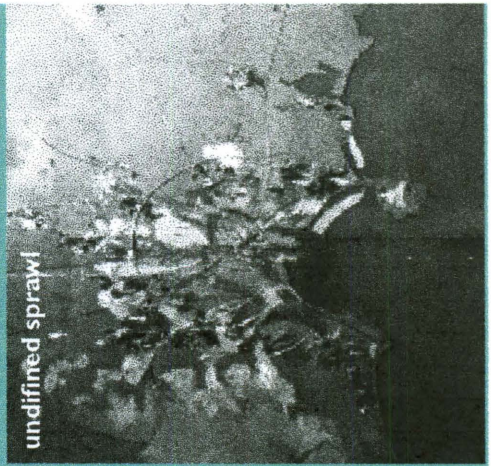


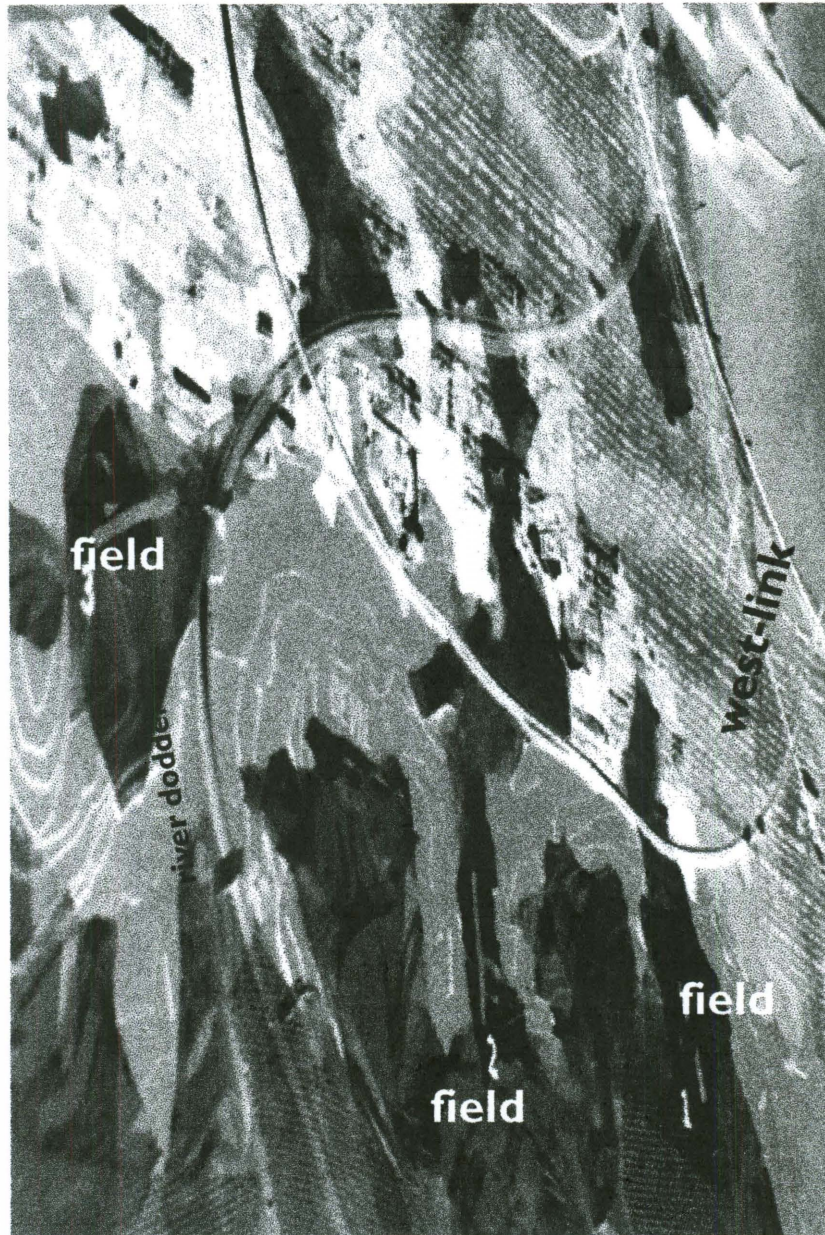
hell fire club

the square

papal cross
wellington memorial

OPEN SPACE



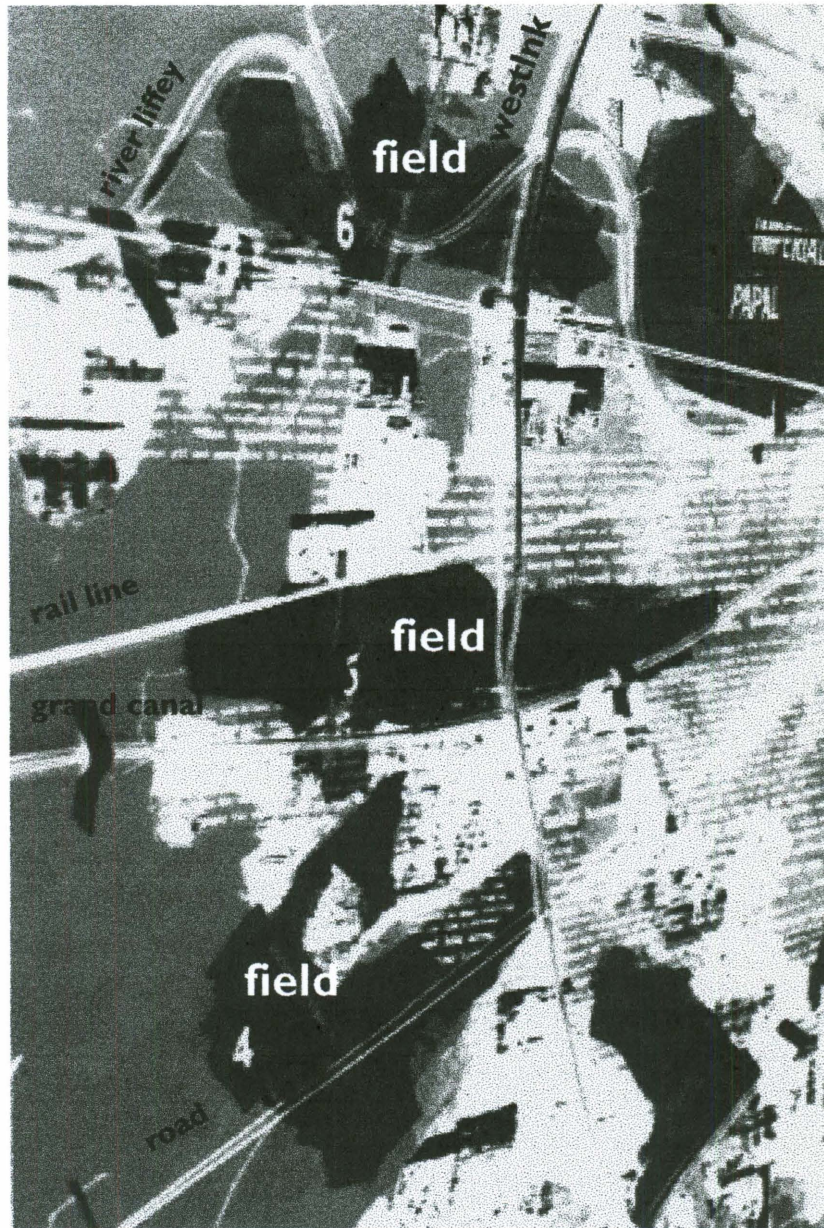


Site model at the south of the city. Fields marked as the uncontrolled terrain enters from the mountains. The text represents the city, or ground covered by the city, the images and text are those areas built in the past 30 years, the parts struggling for existence. the edge. The city becomes one of stories, one of text and fiction.

IN TO

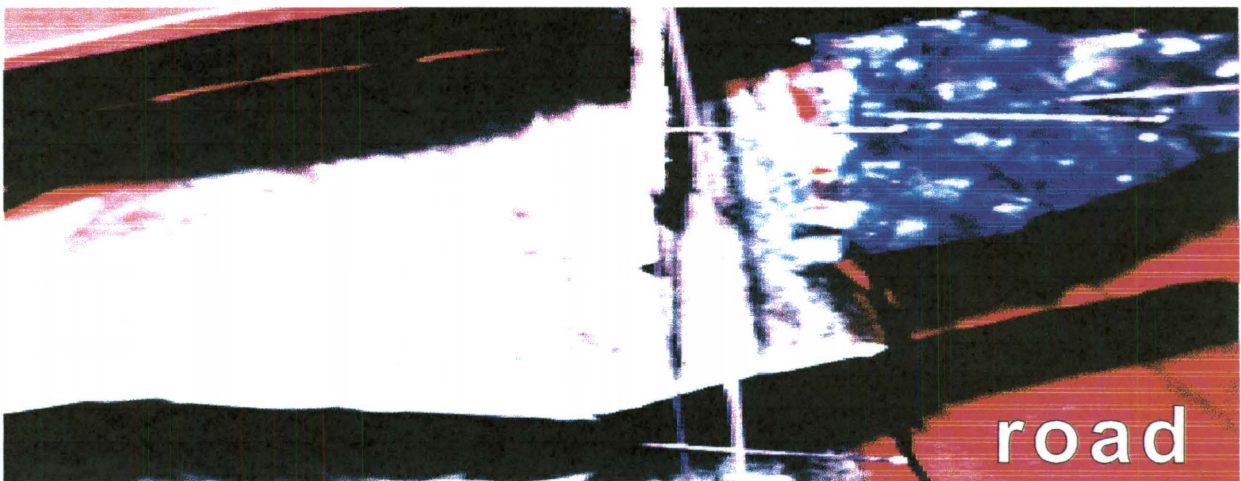
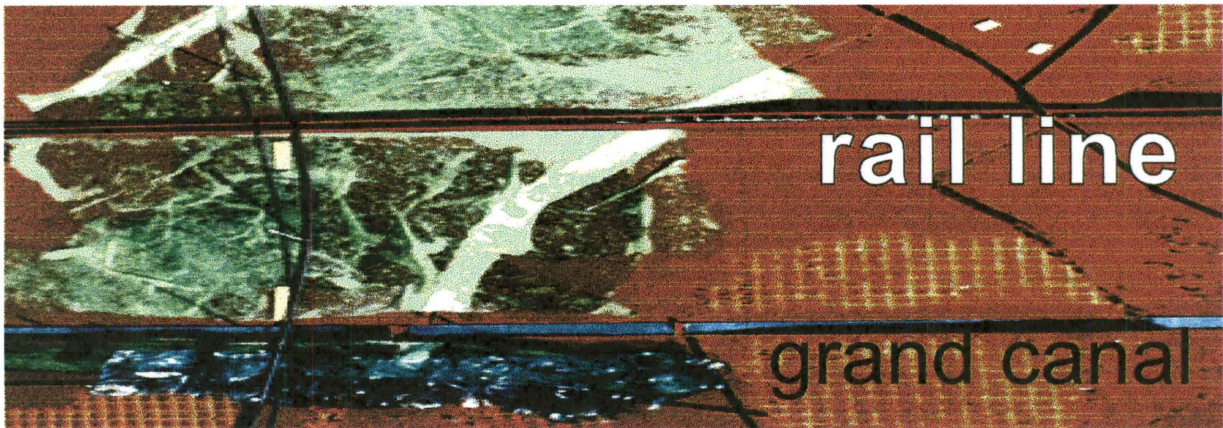
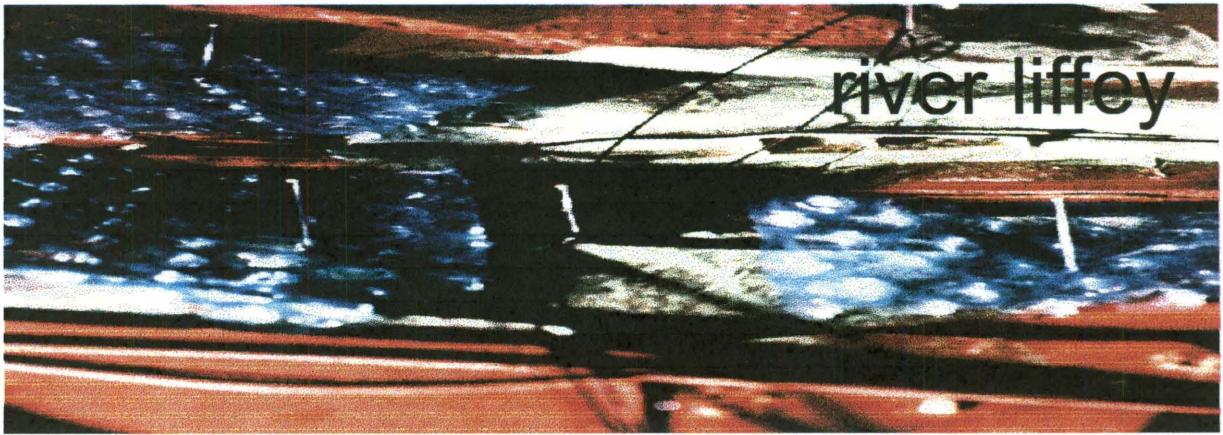


MOUNTAINS

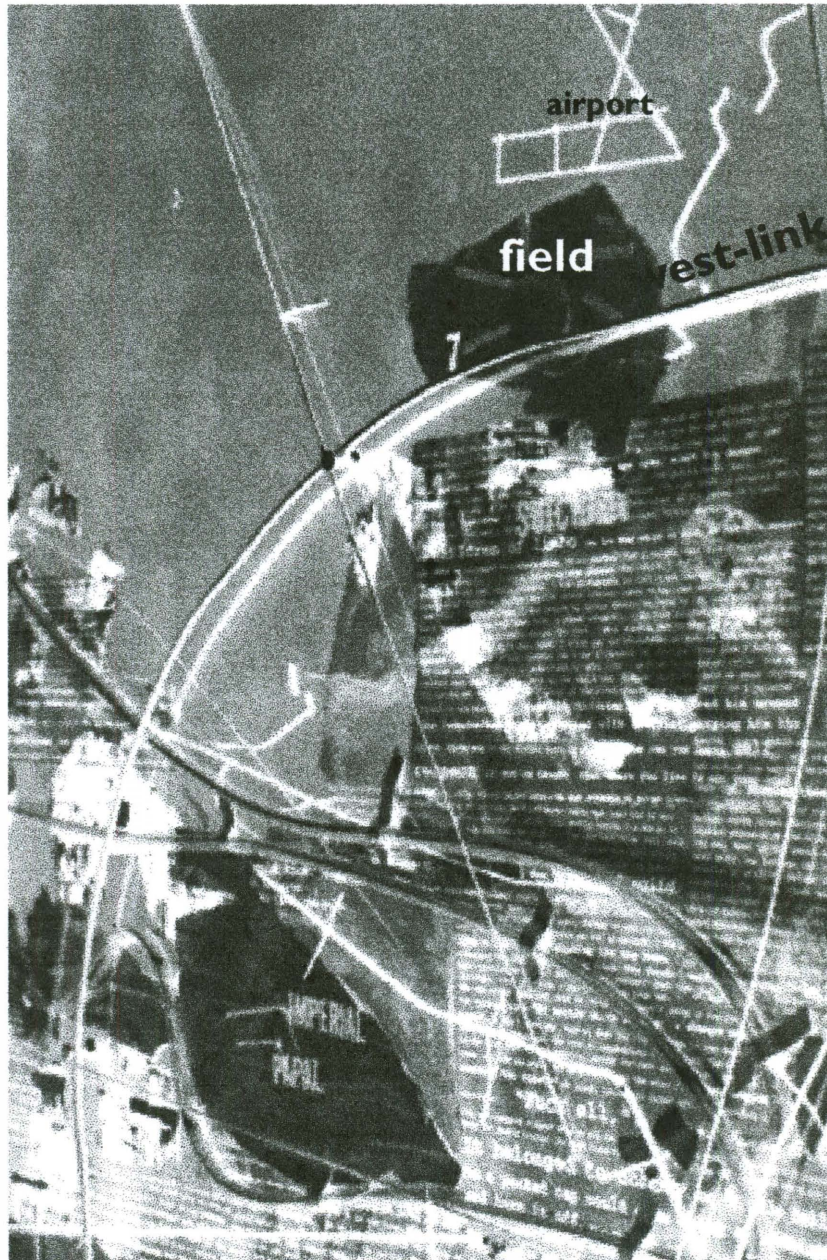


To the west of the city. Slots if western moving traffic water, cars, trains extend out towards to country.

OUT OF



WESTWARD



Site model showing flat expansive terrain to the north of the city.

ACROSS



PLAINS

twilight social welfare religion knives invissible sprawl

pray pay lost brutal **PIECE 1** deadley danger

catholic mother waiting bus too slow isolated bishops with chil-

dren cider waiting millions **PIECE 2** children with children

too fast divorce shock breathe space sigh forgotten

drunk **PIECE 3** drink joy concretalive problem endless

monotony lucky houses sparce tough ghettos dead dead end

grafiti jump **PIECE 4** killed sleep pint boredom

aggression television sedation depression live drug apathy

joy ride left over displaced space **PIECE 5** threat

starving starving horse money powerless junk unemployed

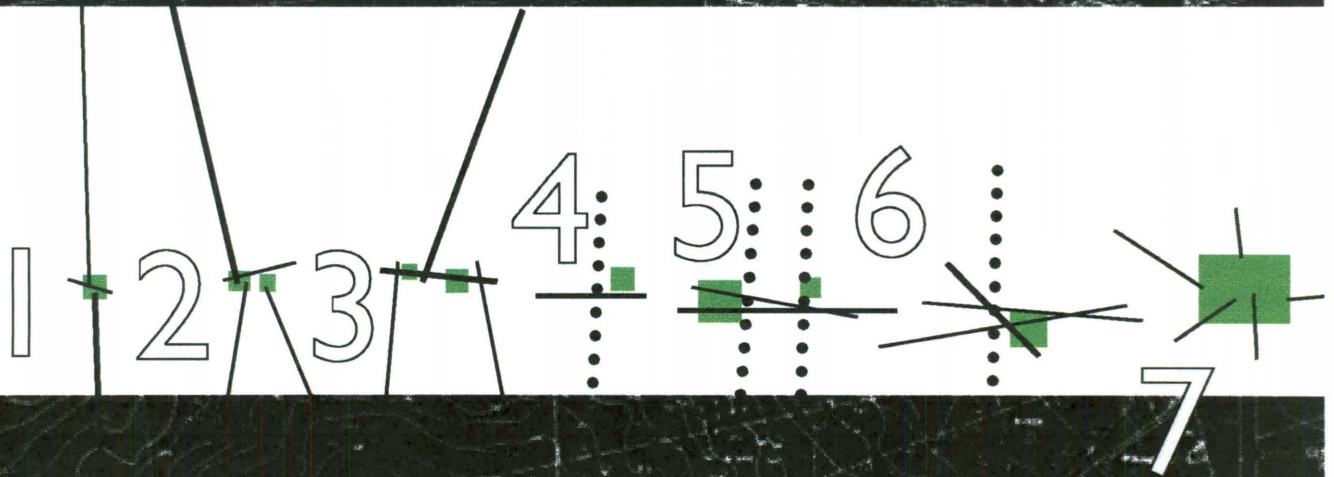
purpose heroin **PIECE 6** sex single mother

chance burning cars drugs cash attack crimalnal needle

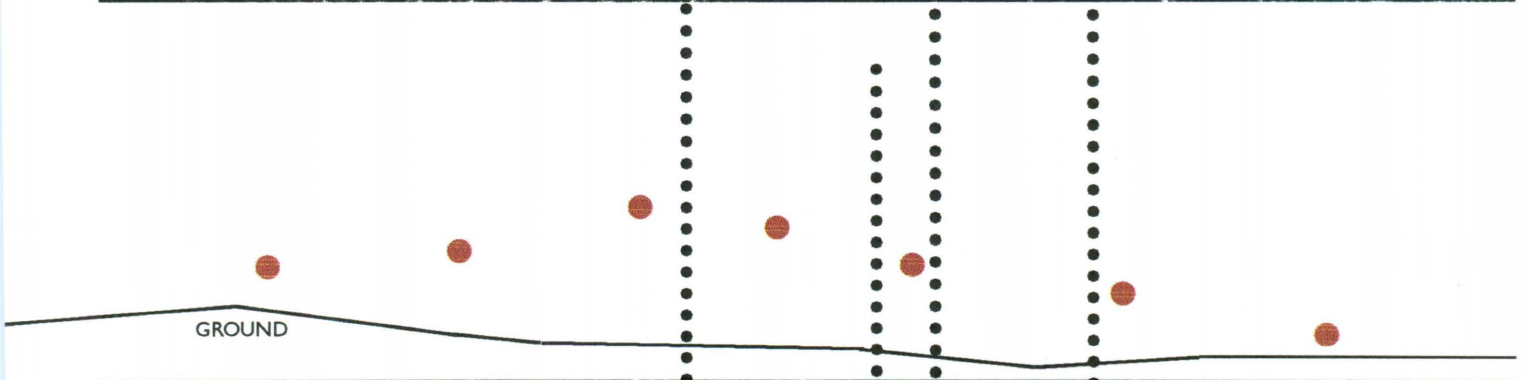
semi-detached lobotmy forget phase better terrorist lost conti-

nulty wait **PIECE 7** rain

JOURNEY CITY FRAGMENTED PIECES



PATH FIELD DESTINATION



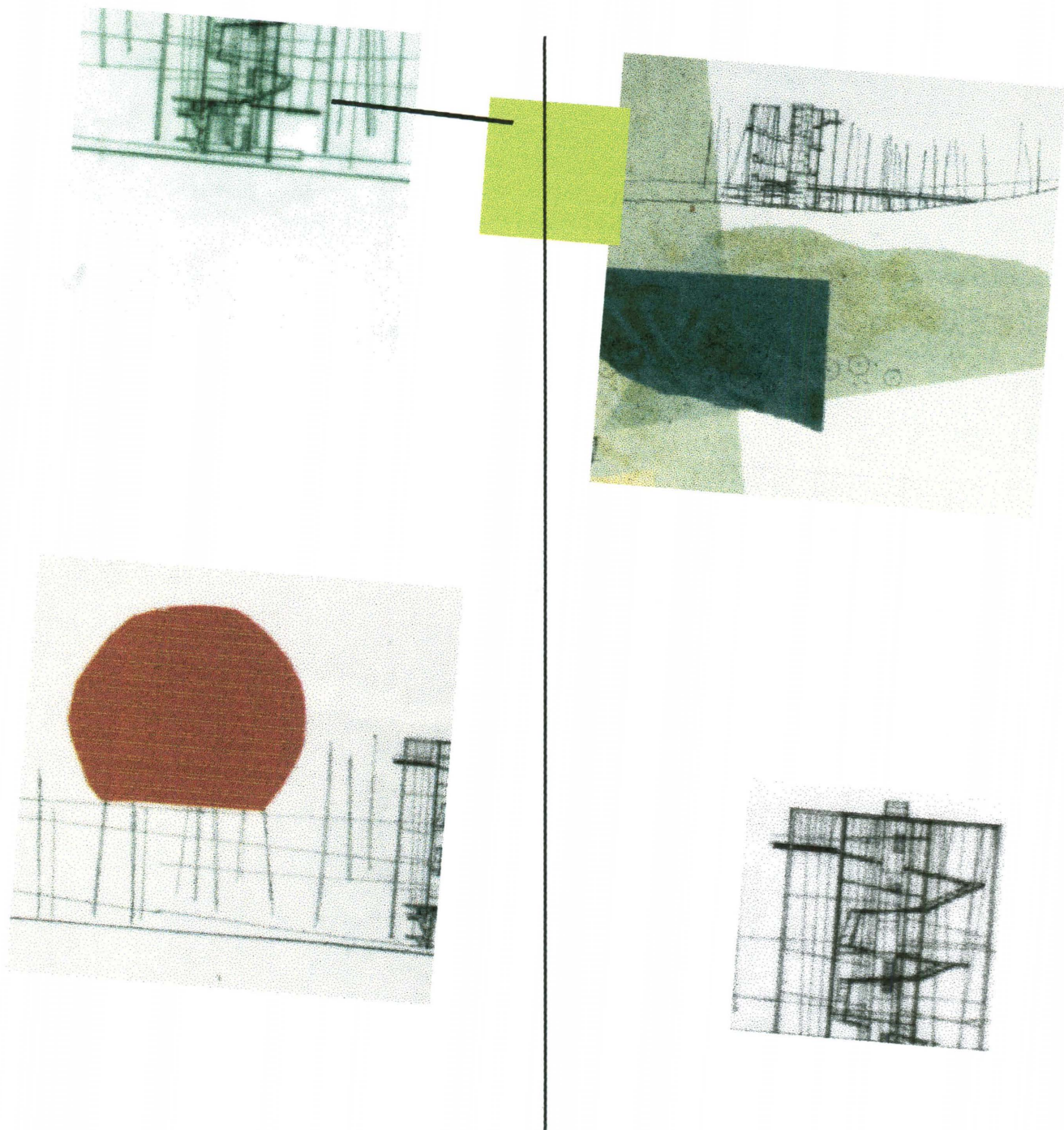
GROUND

SEA

DEPRESSING GROUND

788





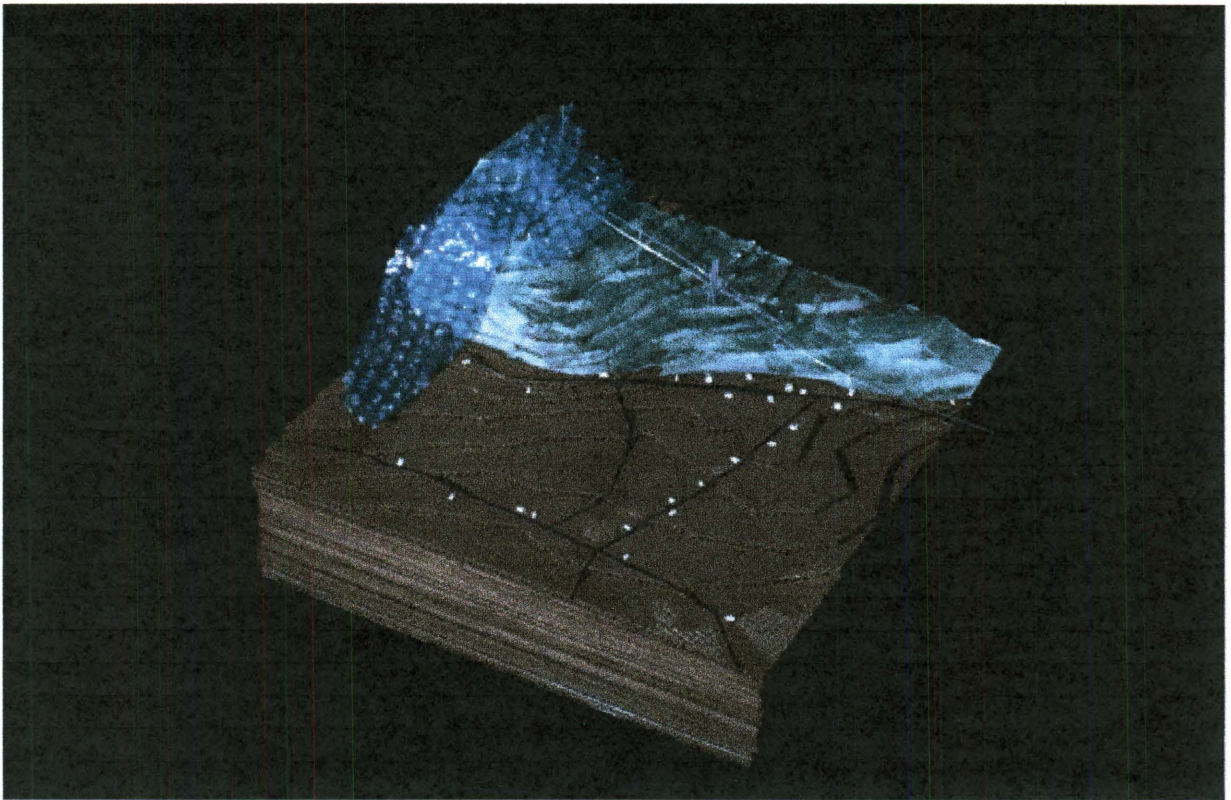
The field is marked where the city and mountain collide. A path winds from the mountain to the city. A steel frame maneuvers its way across the terrain to hold this rising path, a ramp. The path continues suspended through the structure. Being suspended this ramp disconnects from the ground, not needing its support. At the end is a destination high above - viewing sea city and mountain. The path hangs free from the ground and free from the echoing space between city and mountain. The structure a jolt to the continuous rhythm. You swing freely between the city and country, ground and sky , yourself and the city.

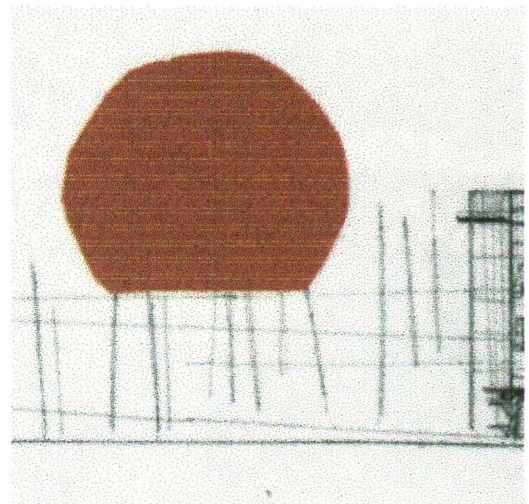
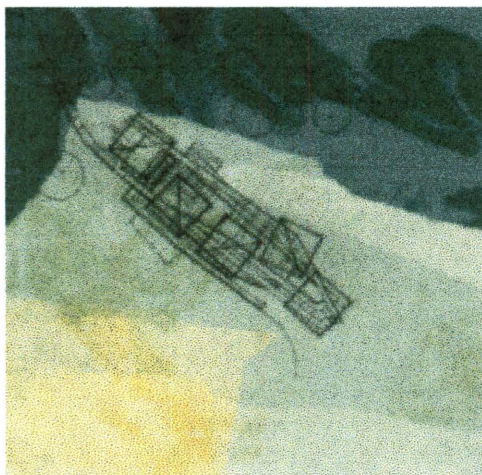
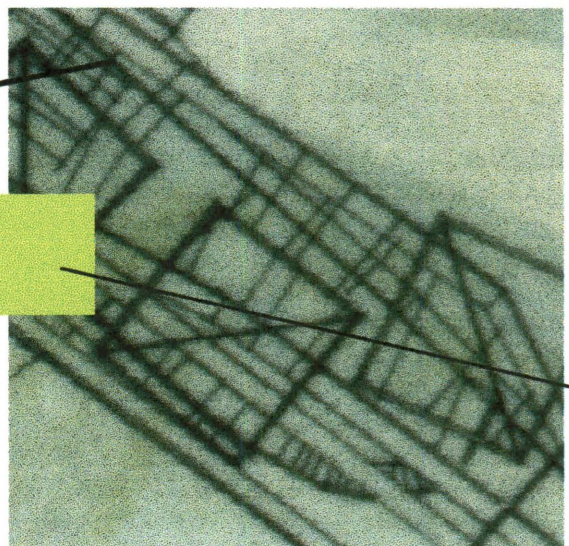
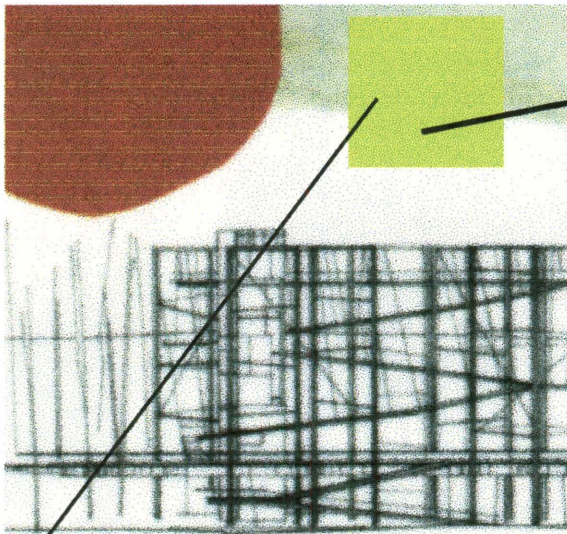
end alone



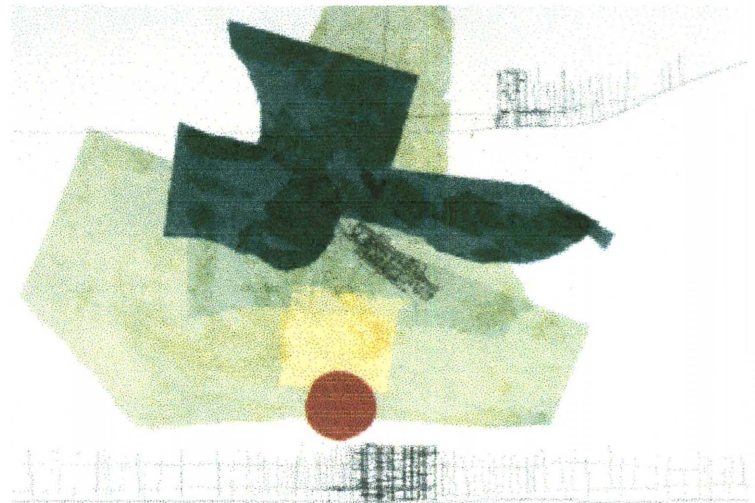
RUN FROM

PIECE I





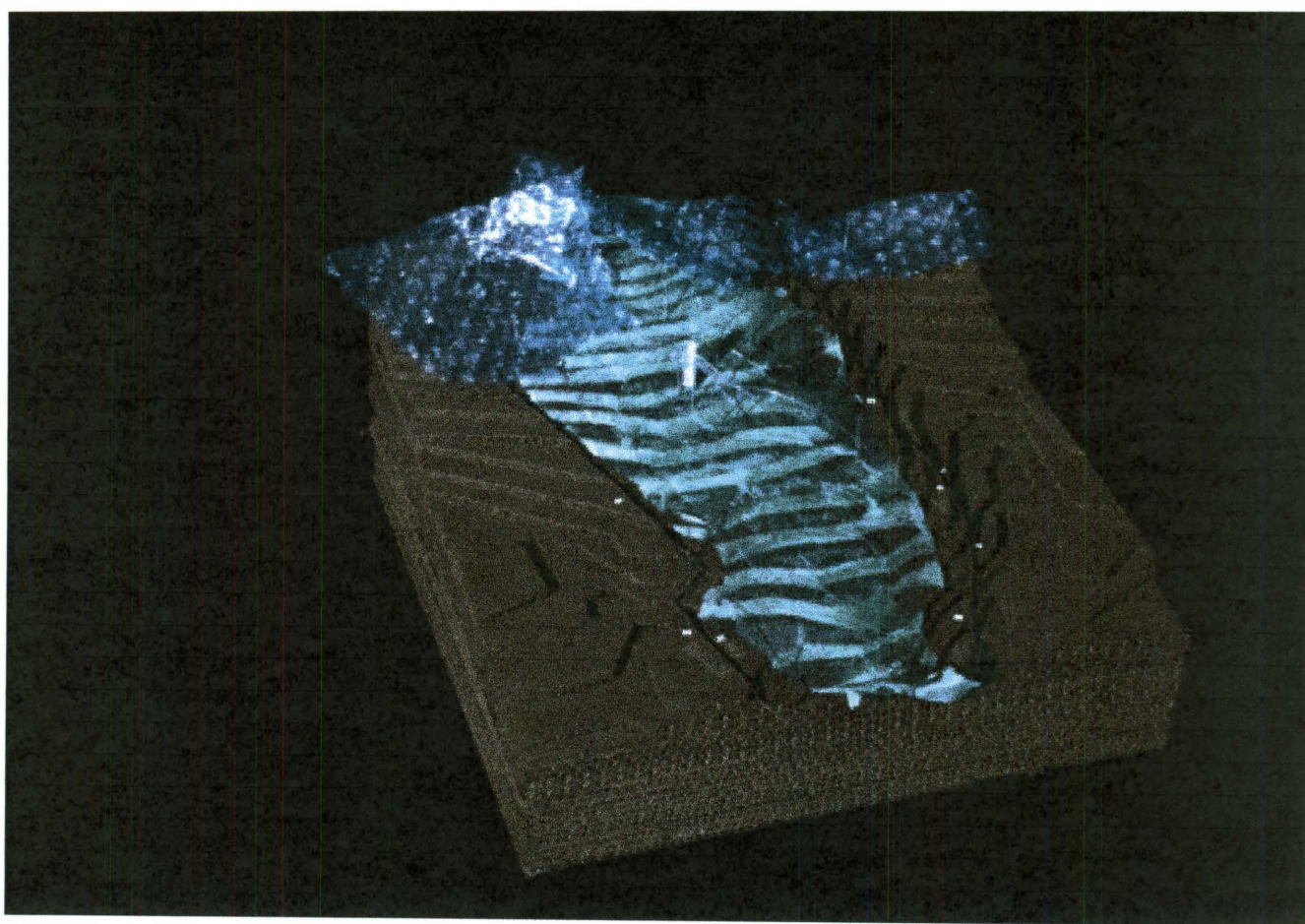
The field is marked and preserved as such. Two paths swing touch, glide, pass, tempt but never meet. They both end, never meeting, unexpectedly at different places. This floating journey only is connected to the structure and not to the ground.



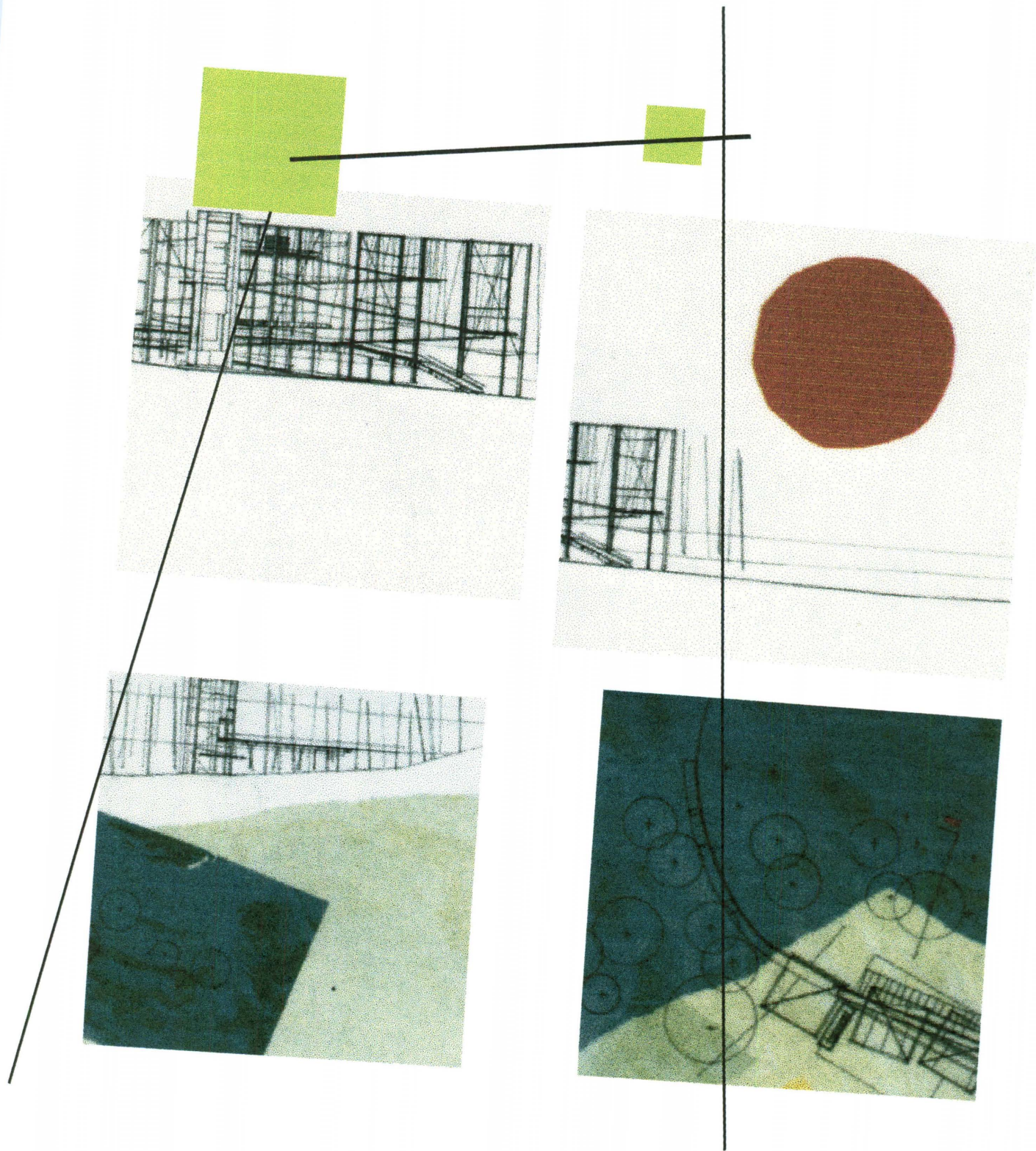
tease

GO TO

PIECE 2

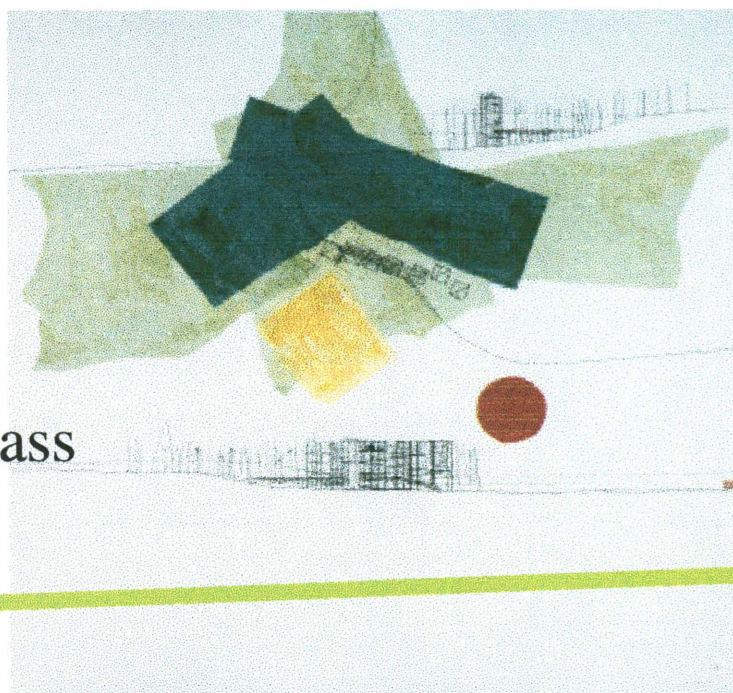


PIECE 2



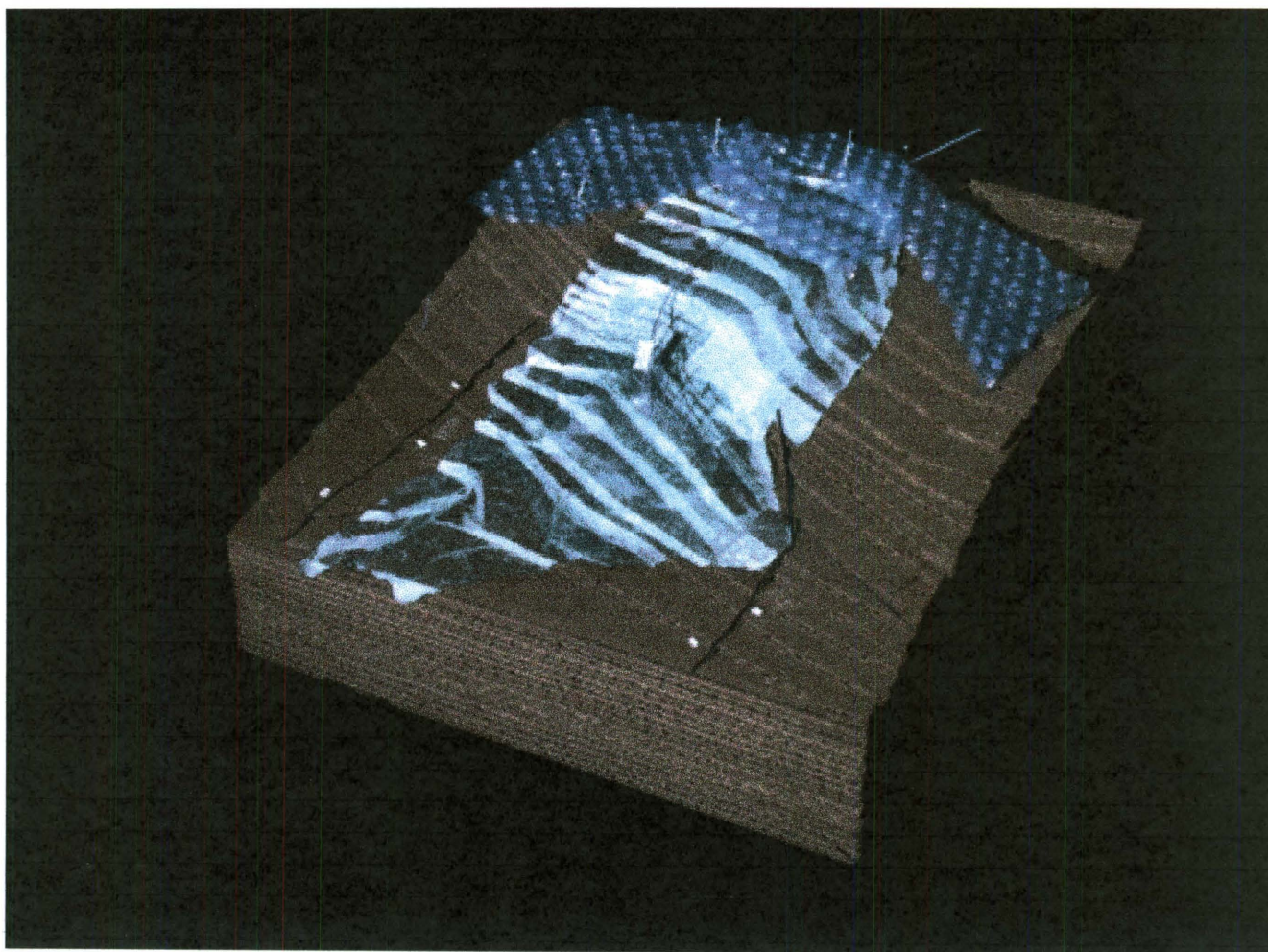
The pieces of structure moves apart, the paths are continuous, a circuitous route. There is no end only moments or breaks in a journey. The paths become a bridge again suspended, but less high above the ground.

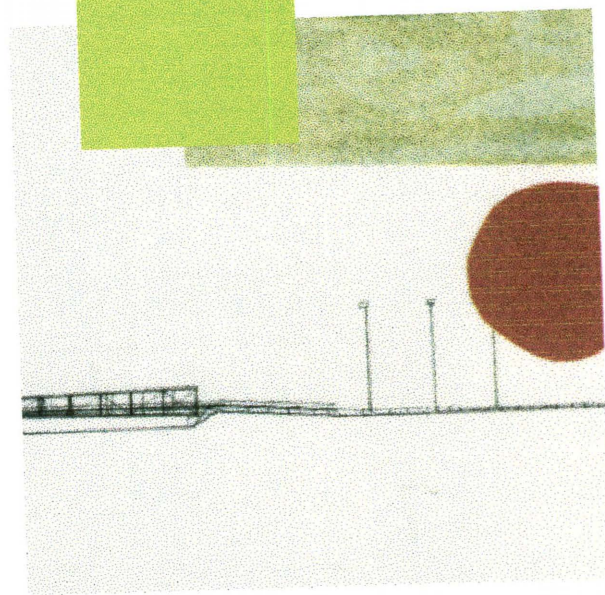
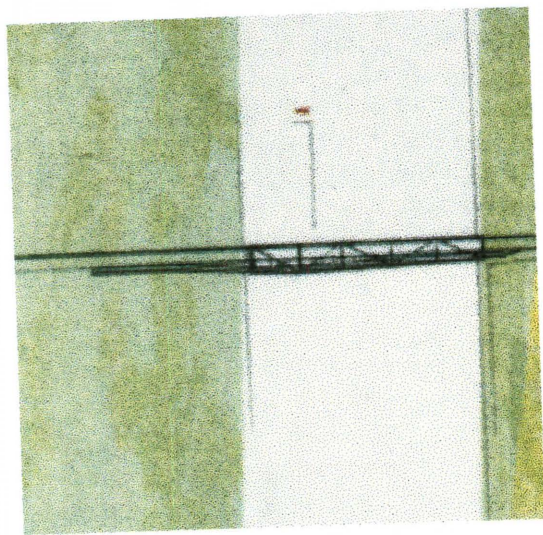
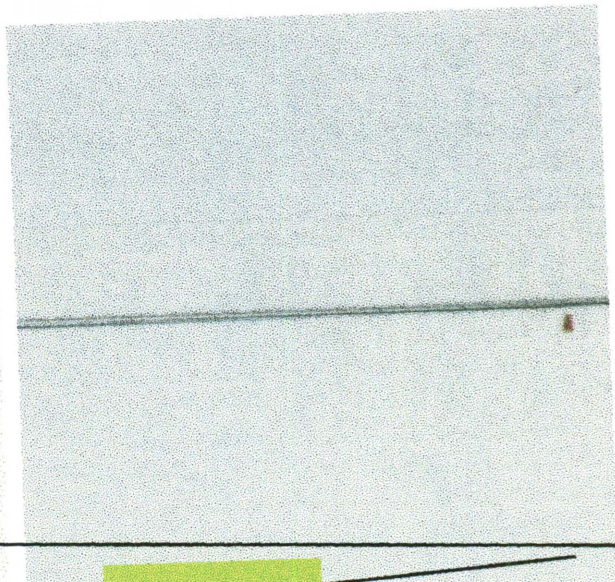
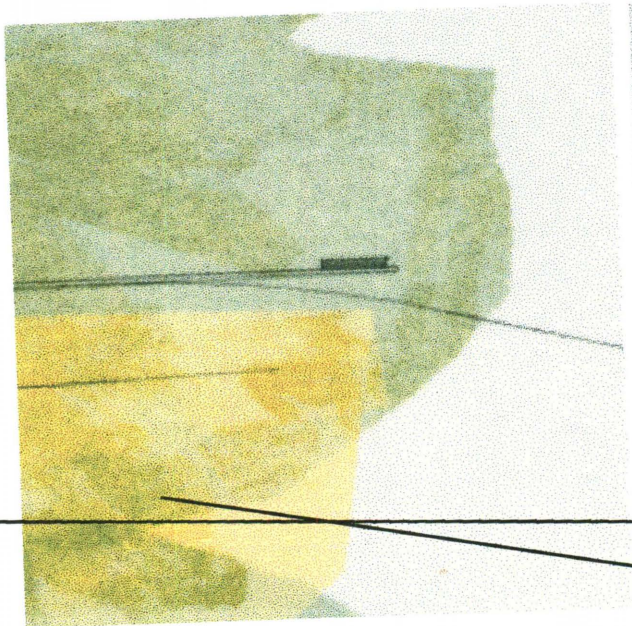
moment pass



GO ONLY CROSS

PIECE 3

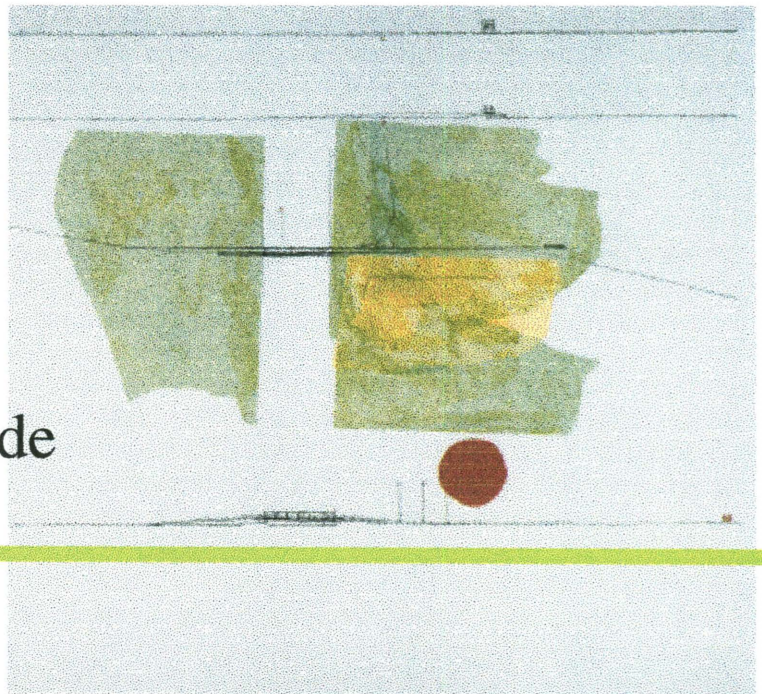




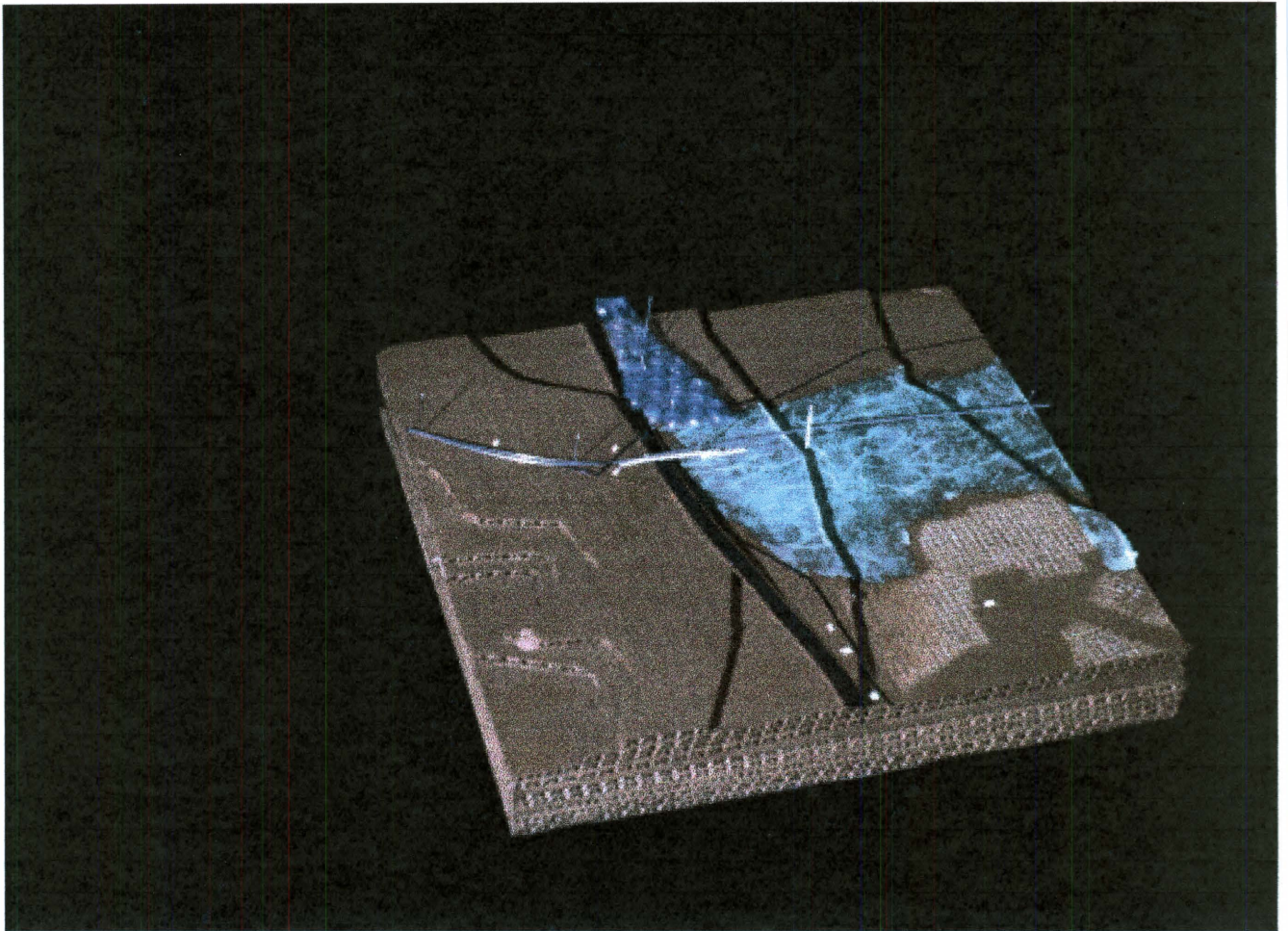
PIECE 4

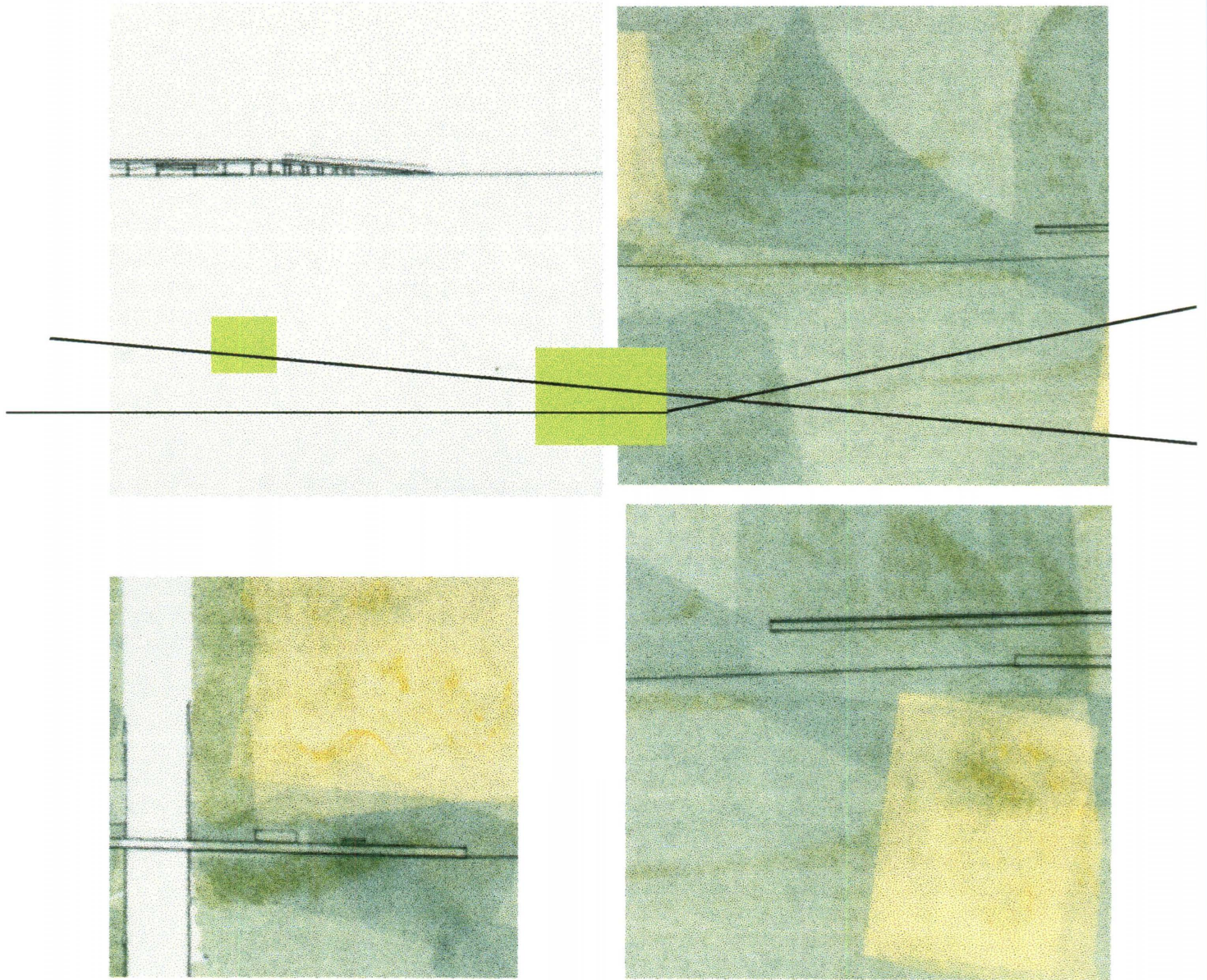
A field marked at the crossing of a busy motorway. The path touches the ground and becomes a bridge to cross this road. The path becomes linear, no longer relying on destination as an end but has no end and becomes two sided. It mediates this line, which can not exist, between to the country and to the city.

aside



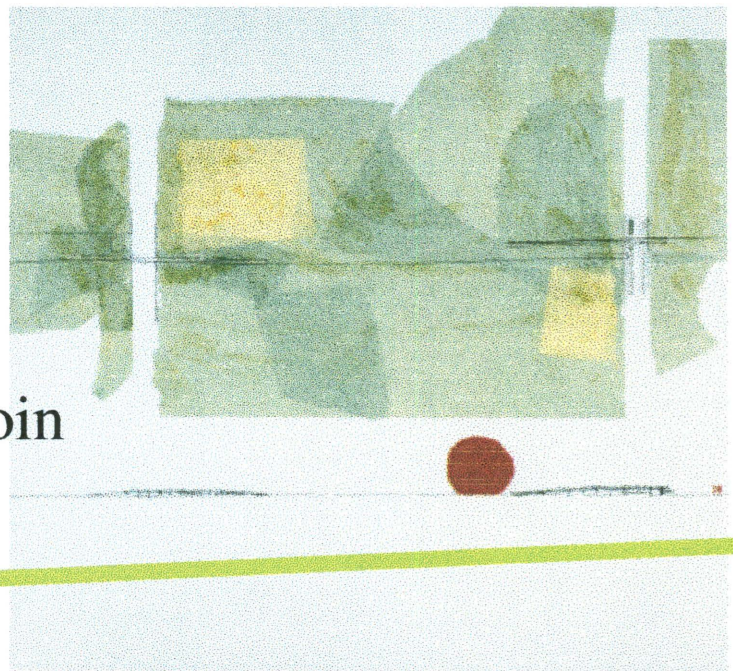
RISE FROM GROUND





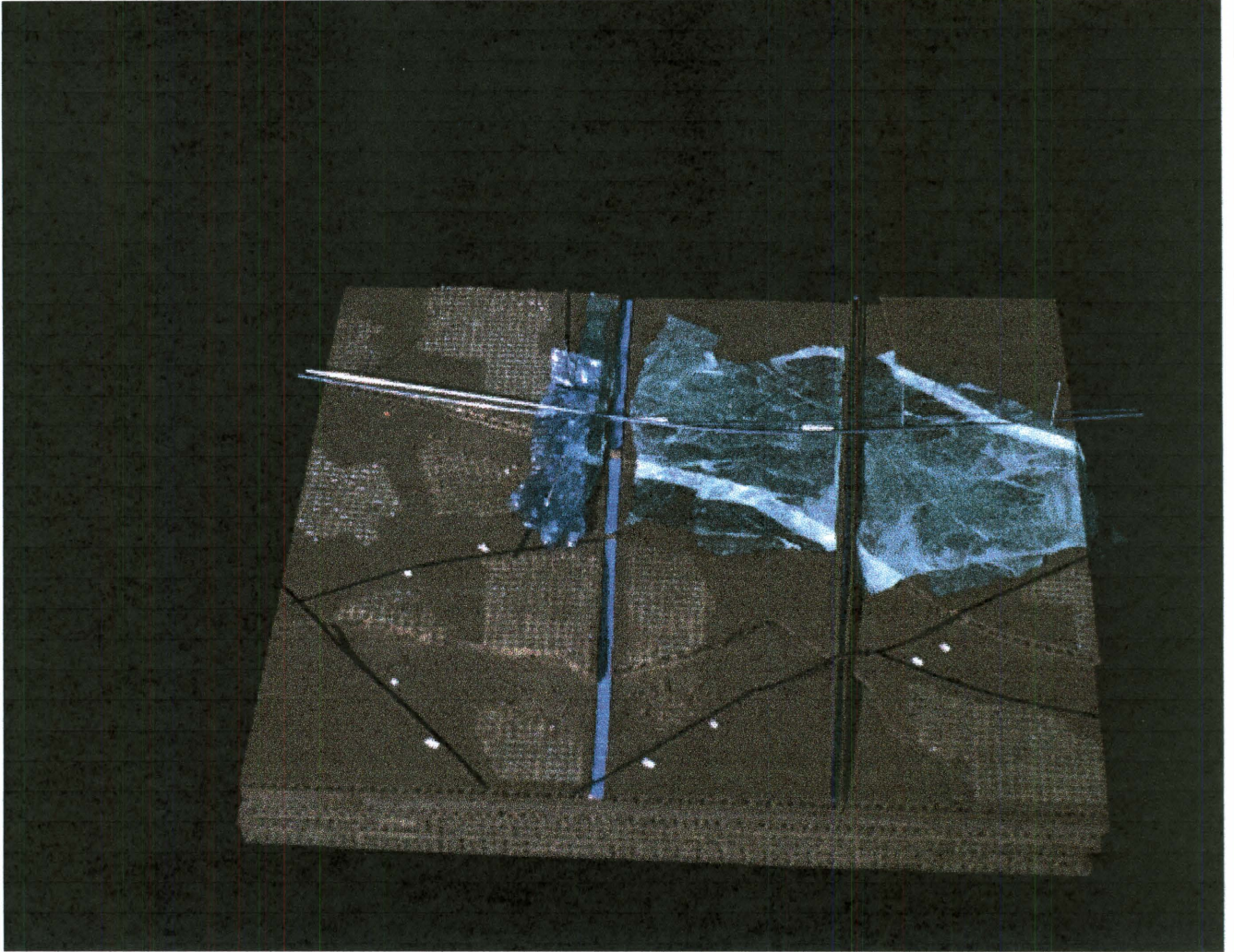
The field in a zone accommodating the Grand Canal and the western railway. The paths are bridges which cross these two moving elements. The paths cross at the center a true wasteland, an inaccessible island. The slot of space between goes on forever. These extruded paths give a continuity of experience to the traveller on them or passing farther on the Westlink. They join discrete existences (housing “estates”) that are otherwise oblivious to their location.

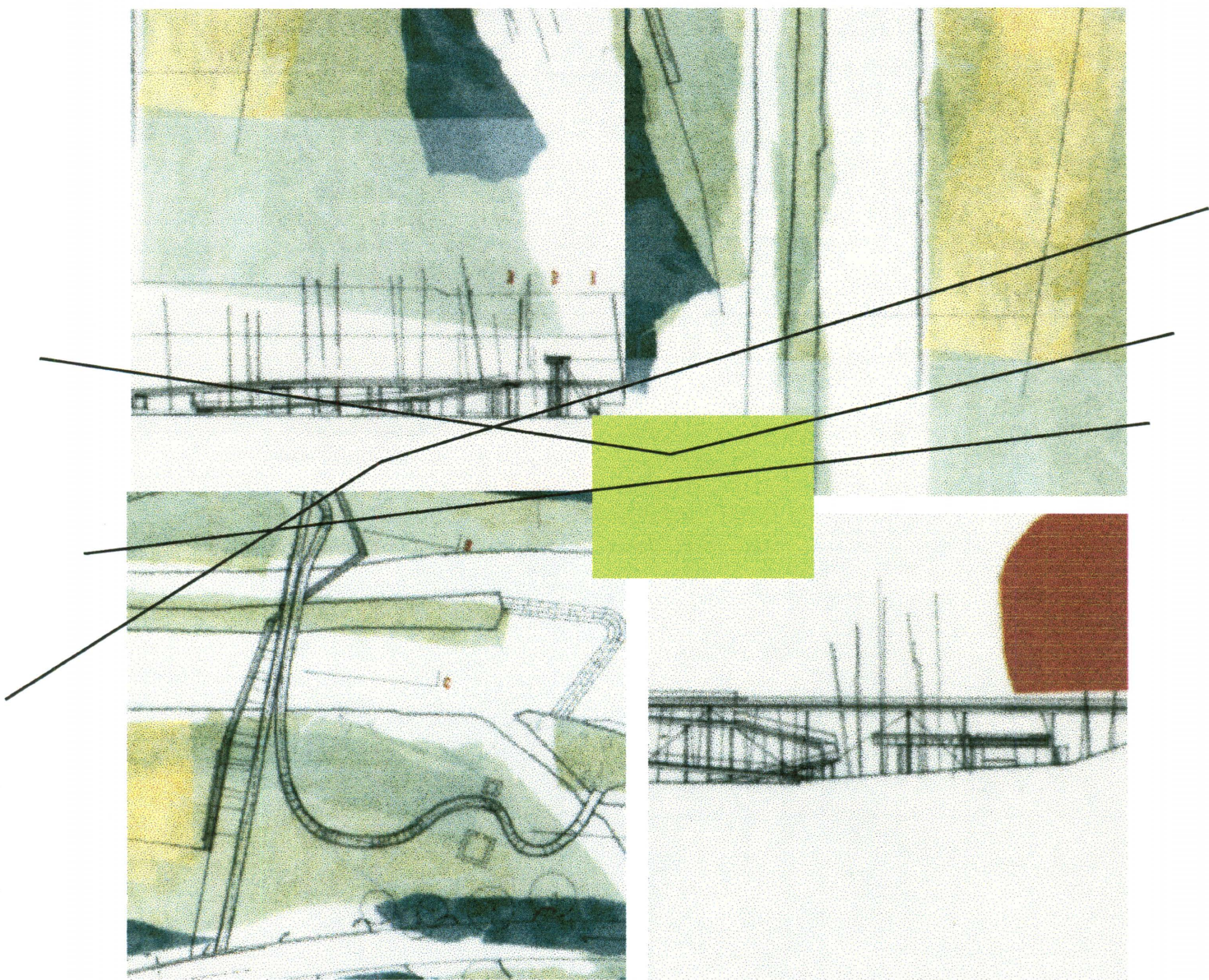
cross join



CROSSING

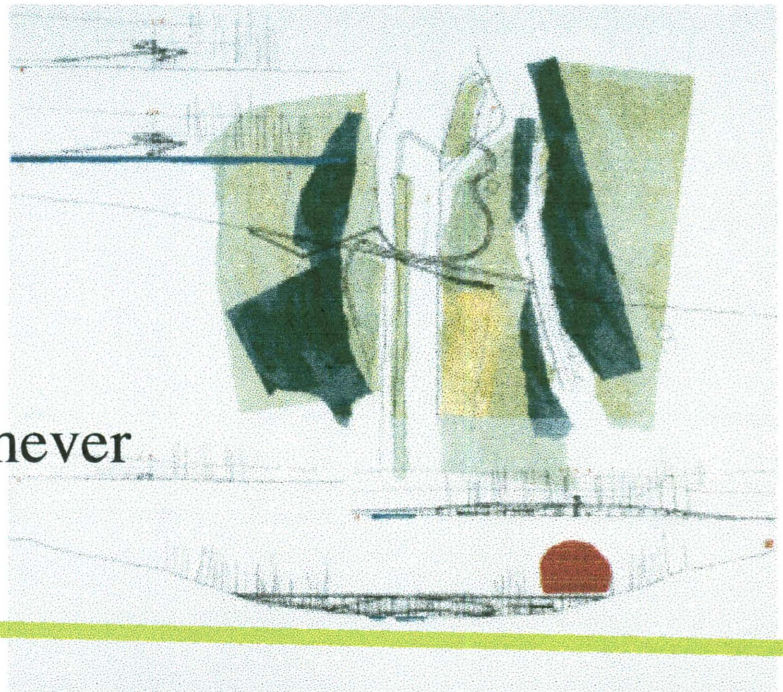
PIECE 5

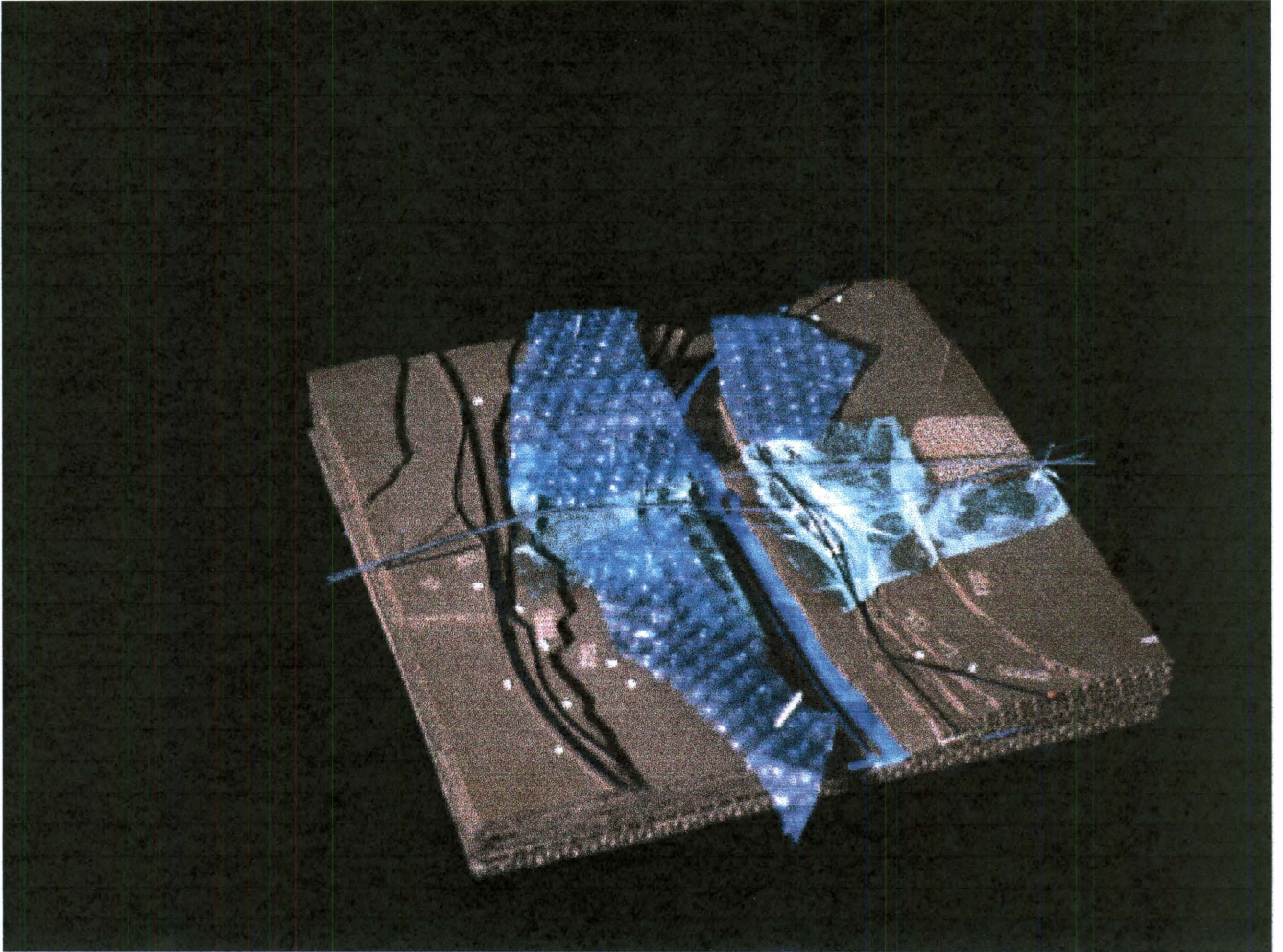


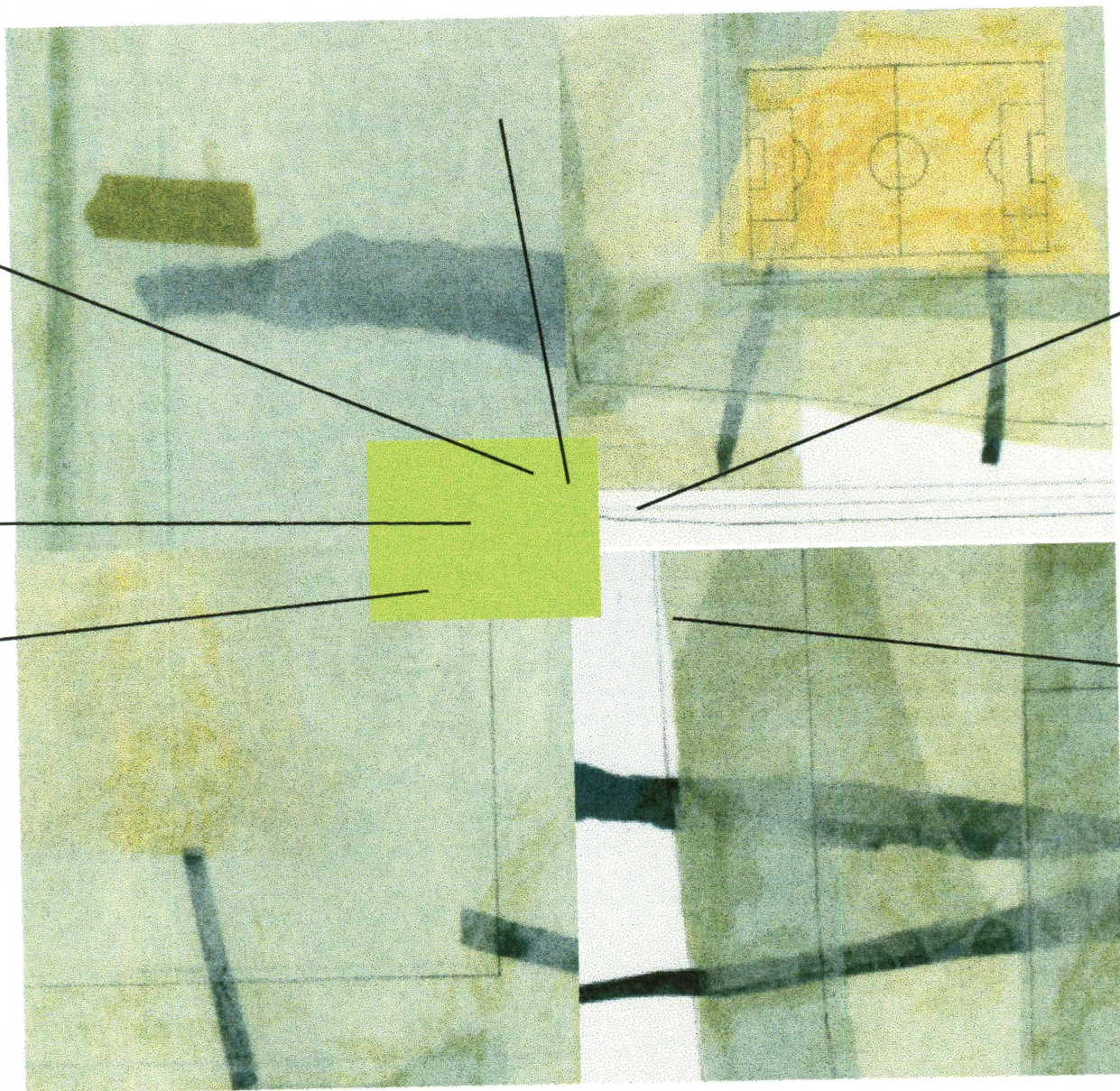


The ground sinks dramatically for the river valley, the River Liffey. The river flows to the city center and comes from the mountains. There are three paths. These paths rise and become a twisted bridge over the river. Each path starts and ends up in a different relation to the others on the opposite up. The journey across is one of uncertainty, possible meetings and impossible unions. An unscheduled meeting may happen, as the two paths join, more easily than one that is arranged. Two paths meet and one never does, but takes its own course dipping close to the water. The journey is one of endless possibility.

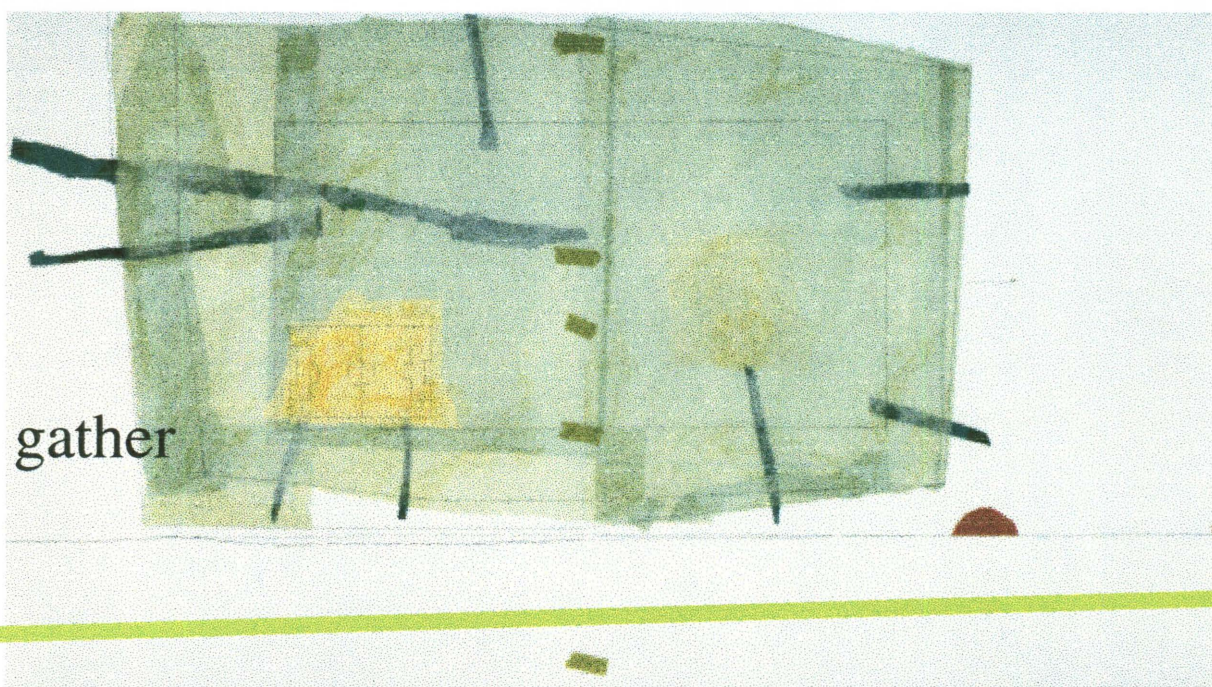
tempt or never

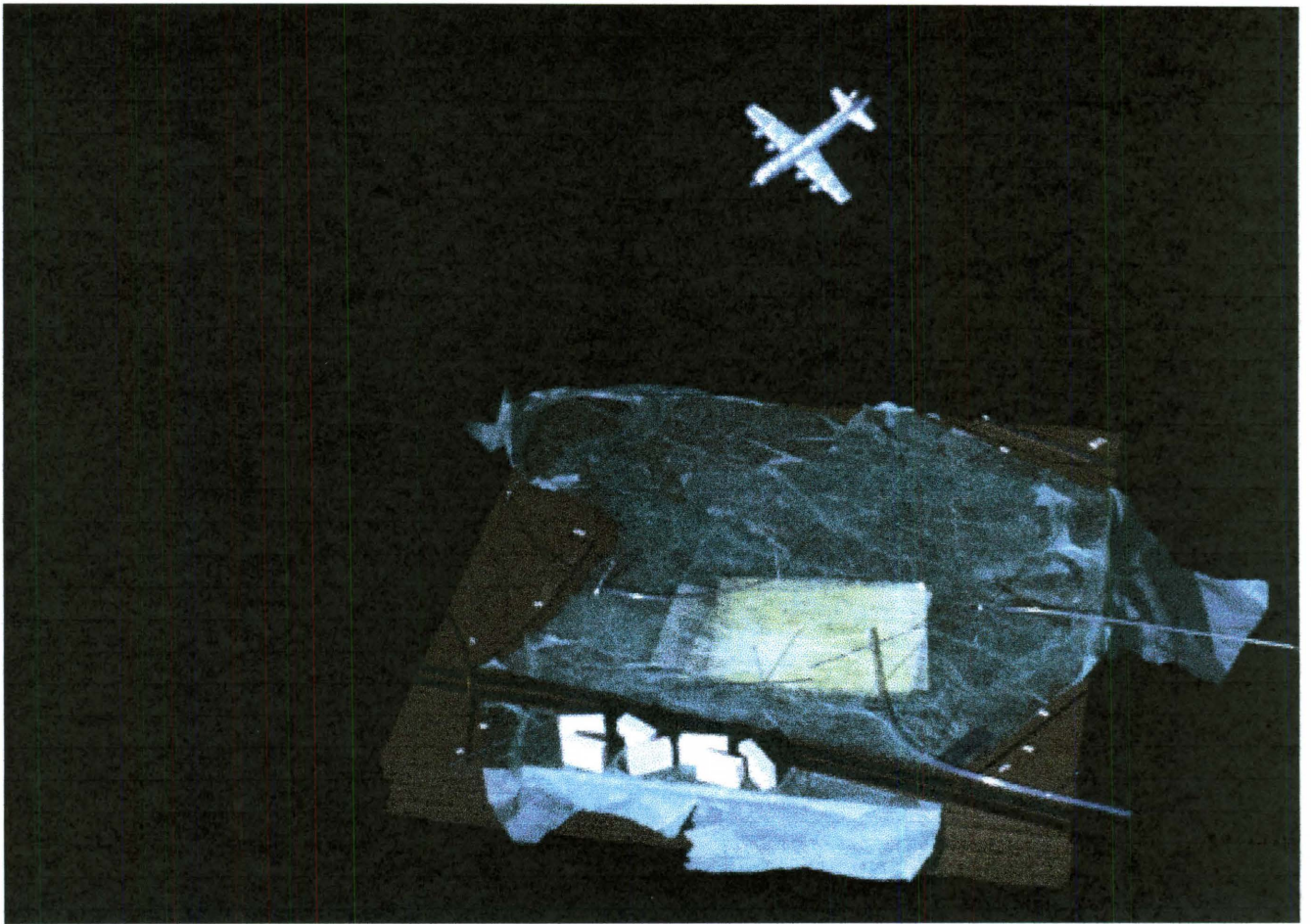


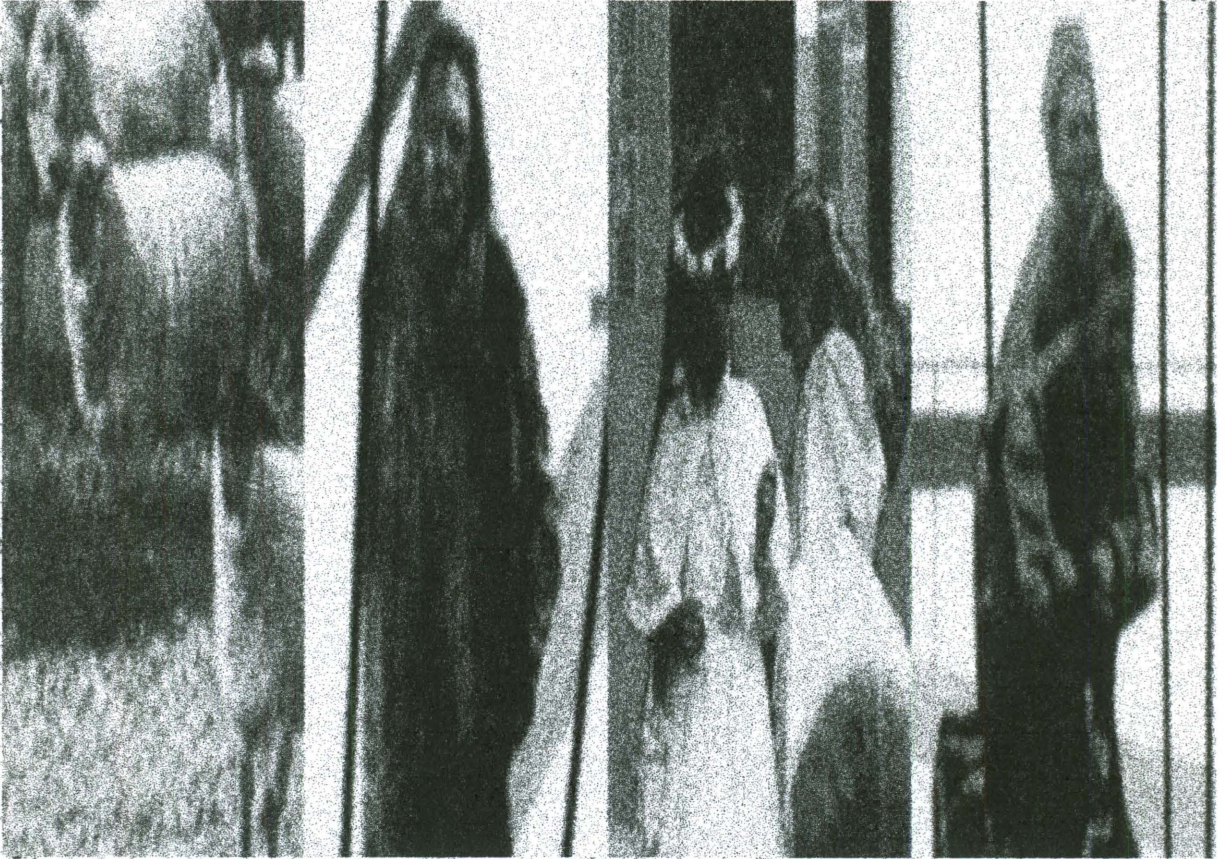
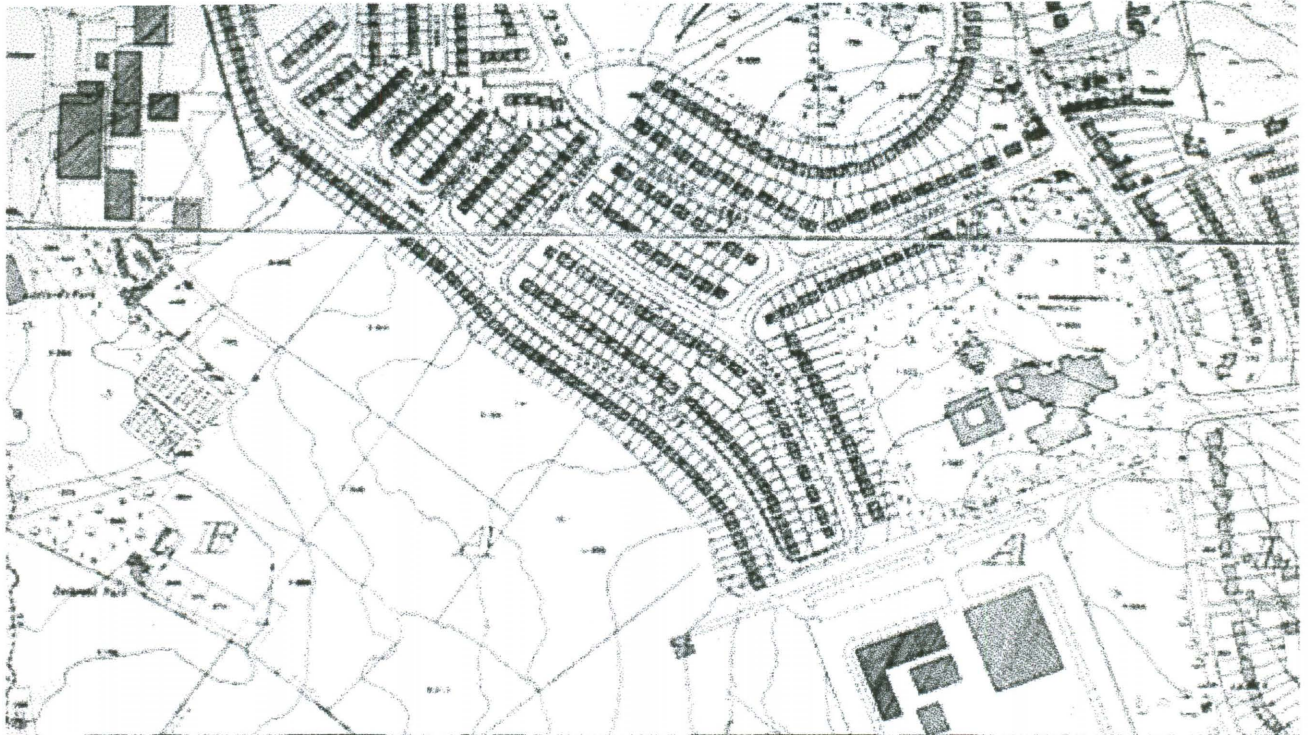




The large field is on the plains to the north of the city. It is marked by a gentle push to the ground. This slight depression allows the field to hold its place. It becomes a hollowed gathering place. It is a giant pattern on the ground. The surrounding paths and roads inevitably go there. It is a gathering large enough to accommodate everything and nothing at all. It is to be viewed from the constant stream of jets, leaving the nearby Dublin Airport (heading towards “better” places) and from the Ballymun tower blocks. Pet horses and ponies already roam this flat terrain, this field has them too in mind.

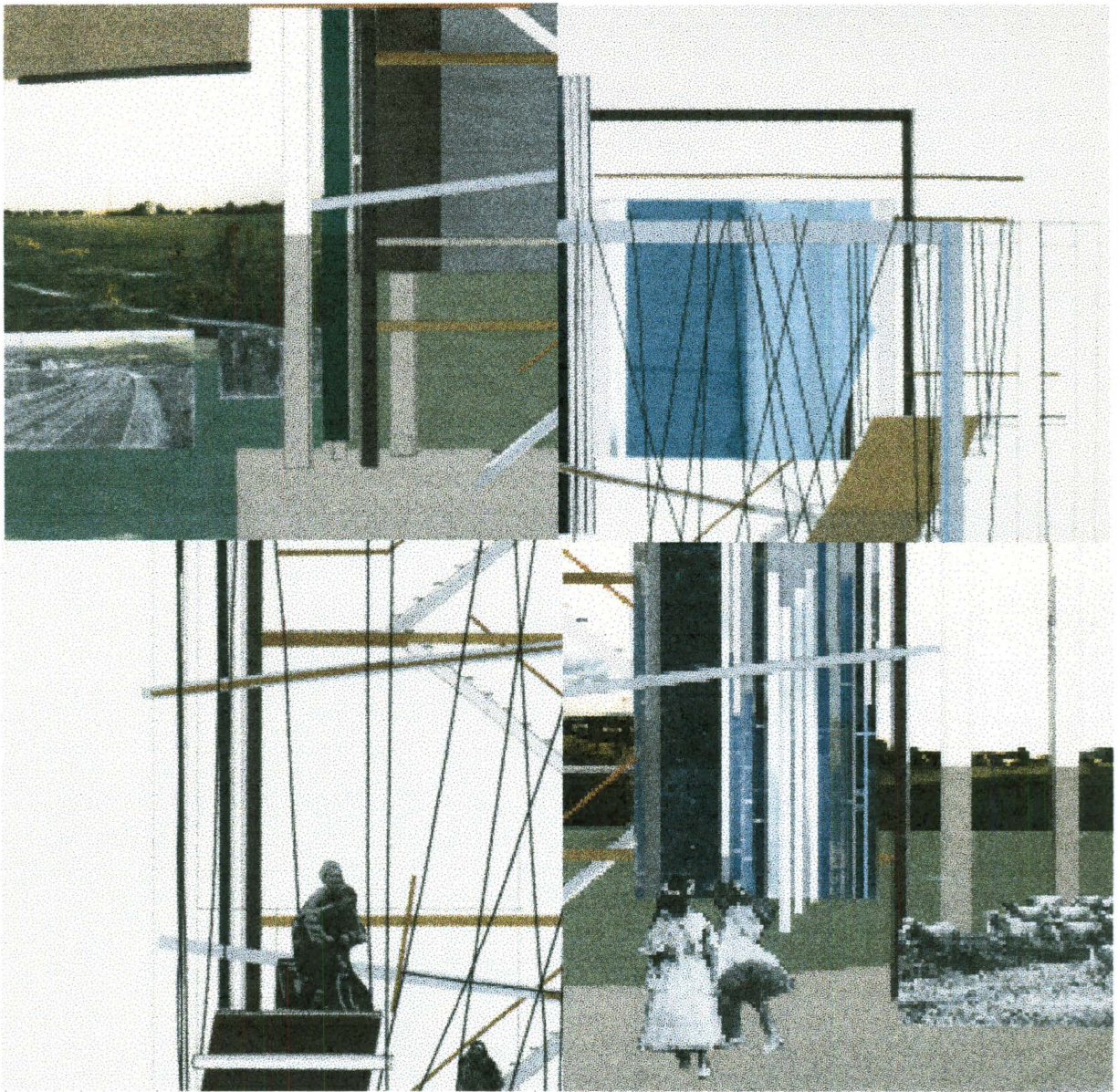




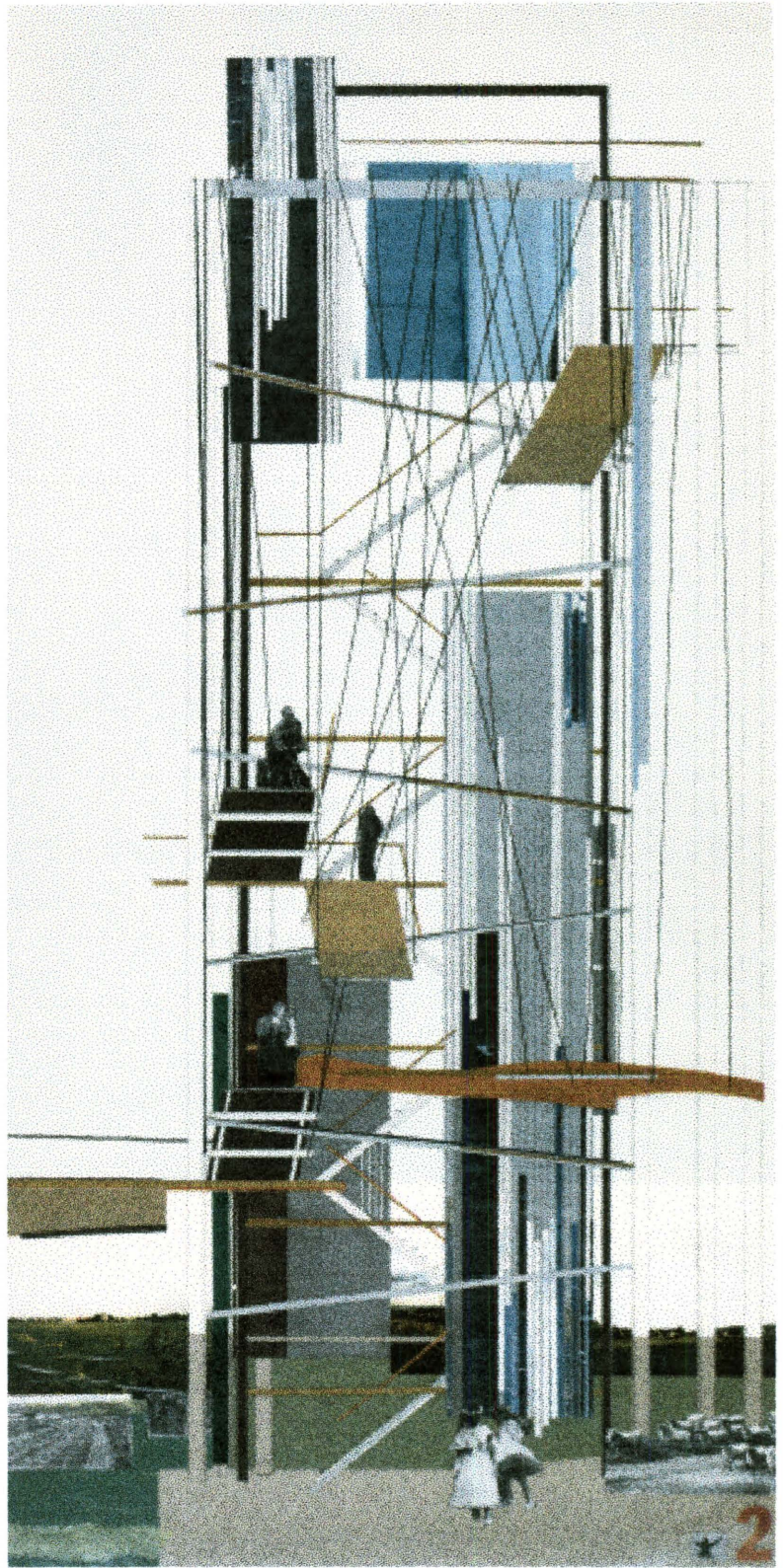


GO TO

PIECE 2



CITY COUNTRY TOGETHER ALONE MOVE STILL



section

HATE

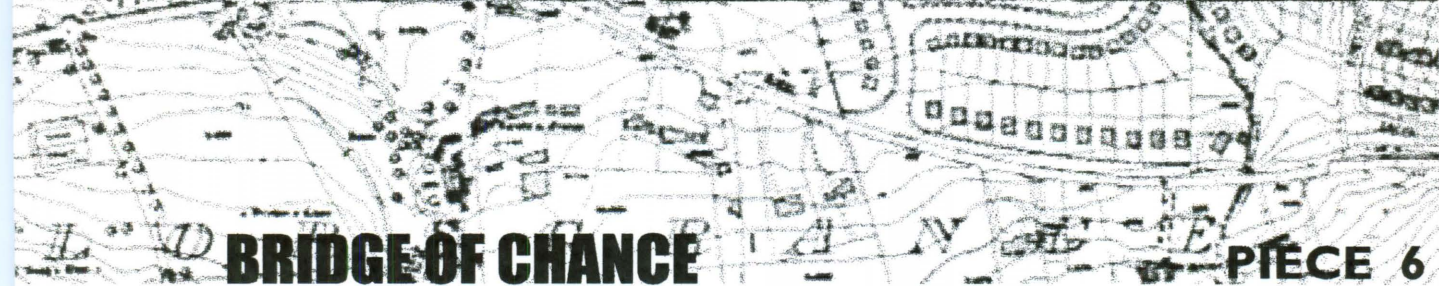
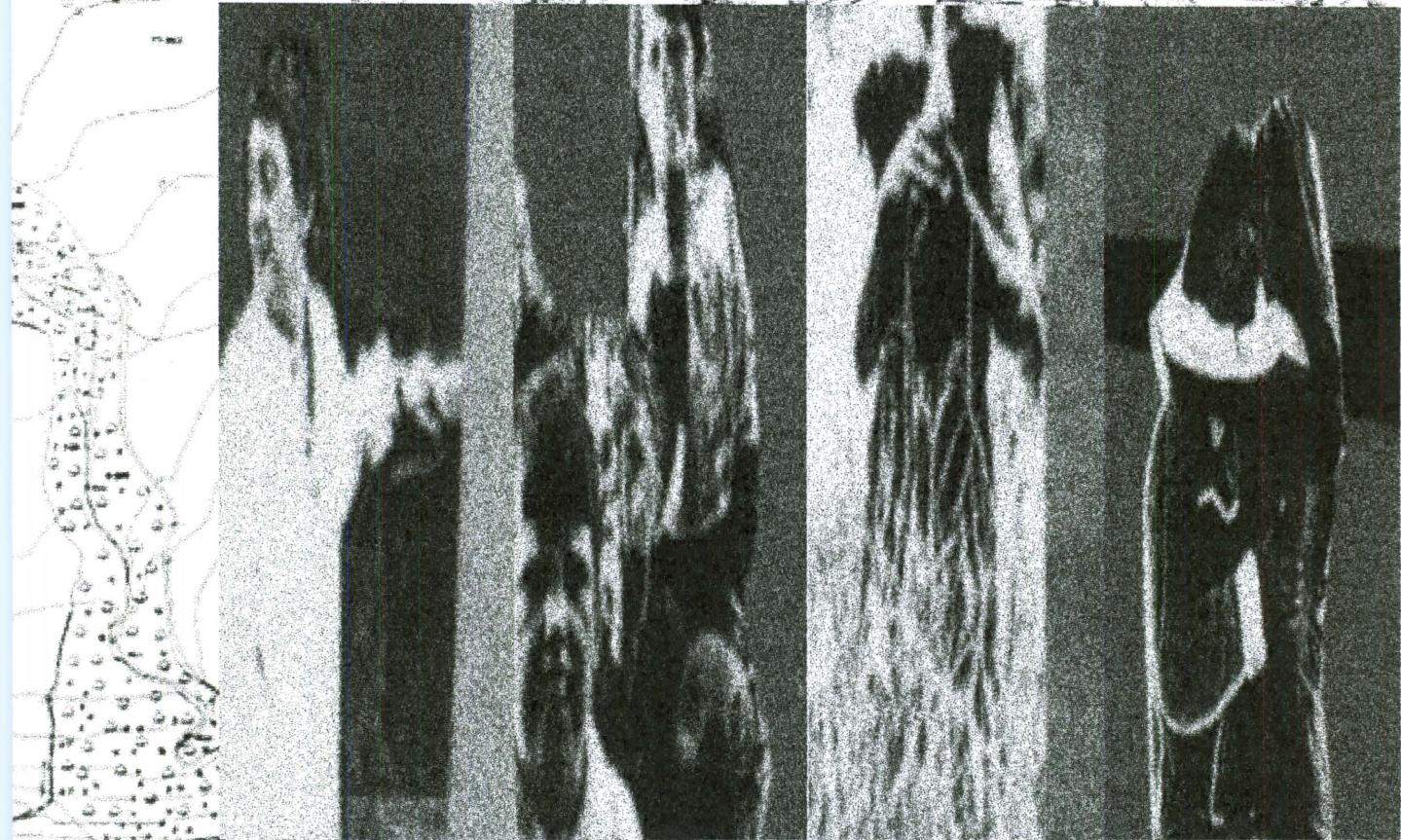
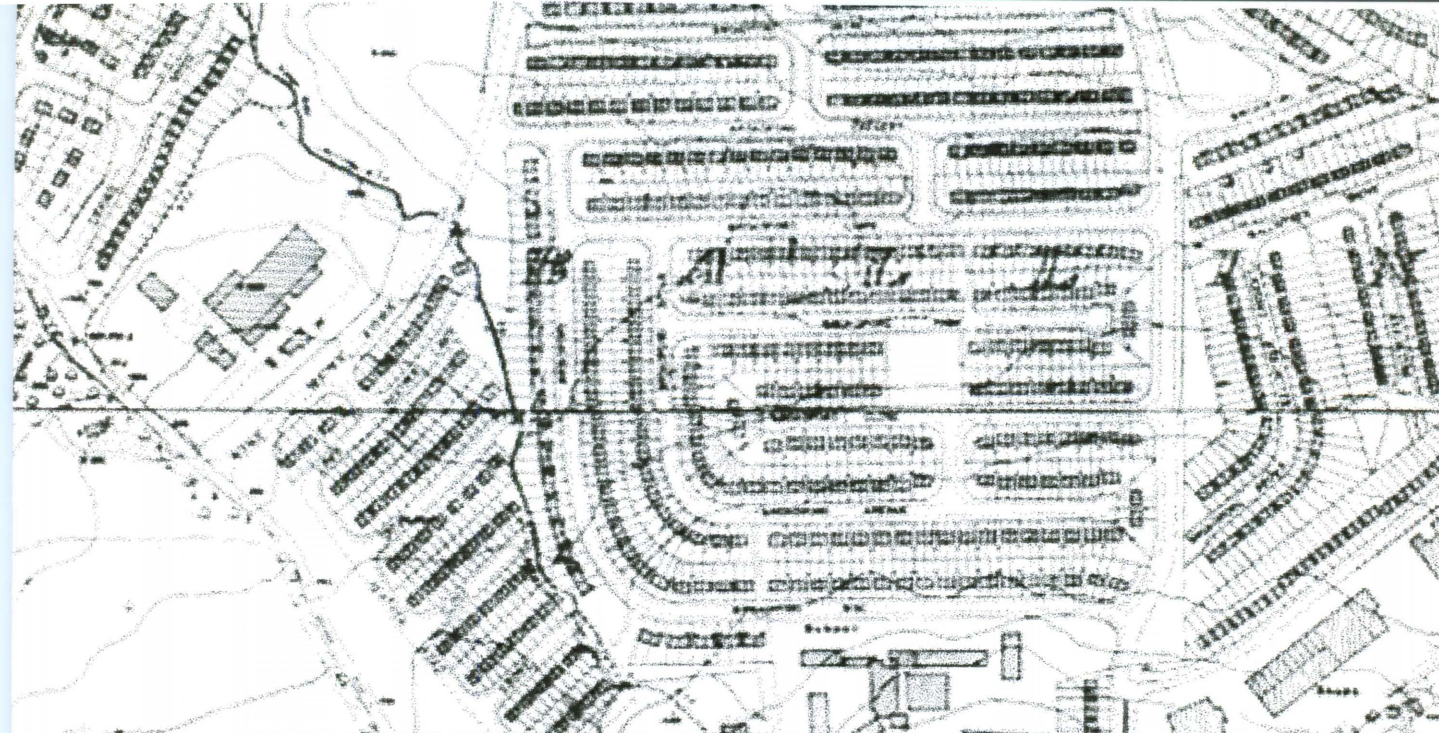
SEE

FEEL

TRAP

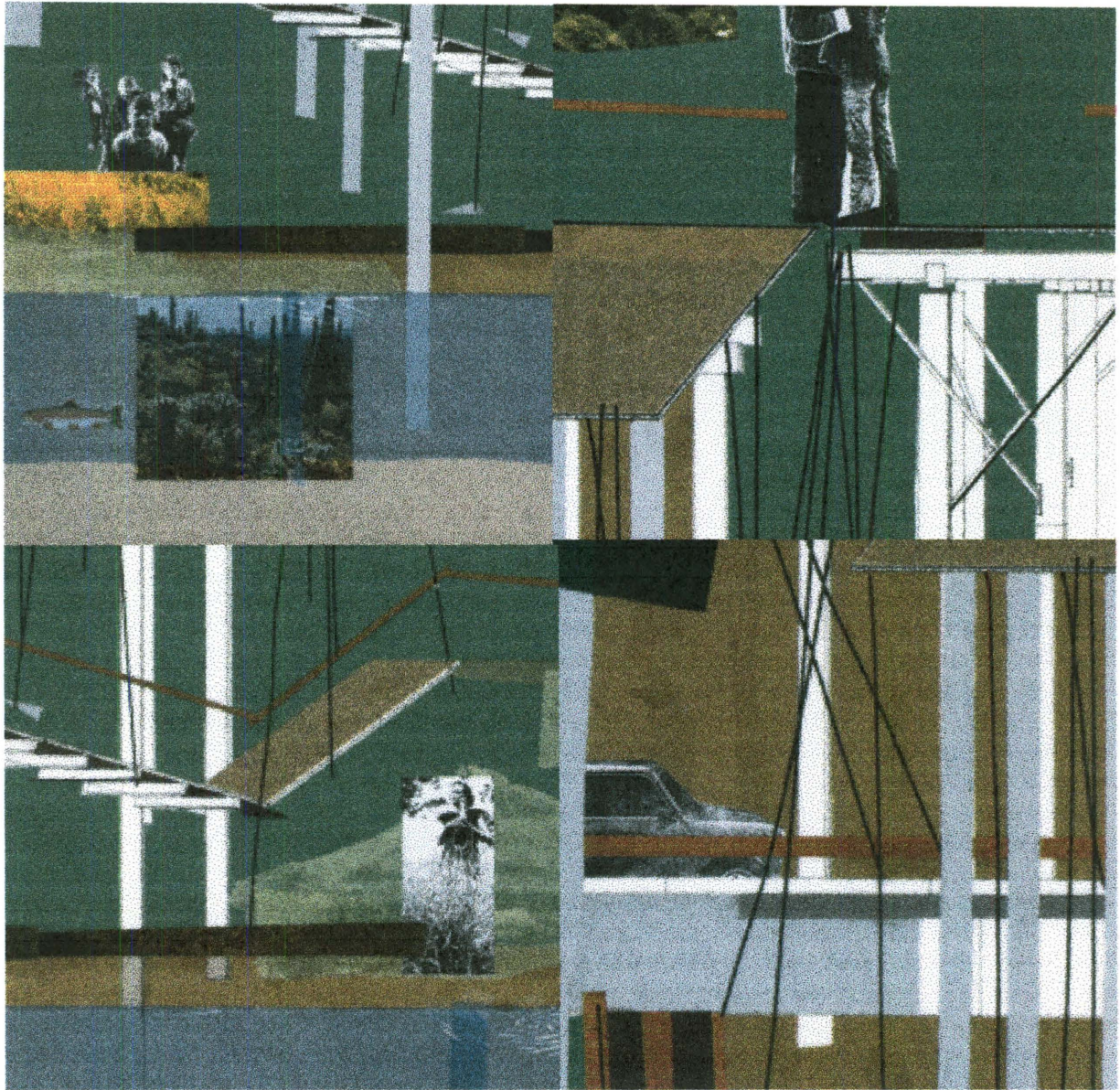
FREE

FALL



BRIDGE OF CHANCE

PIECE 6



CLOSE

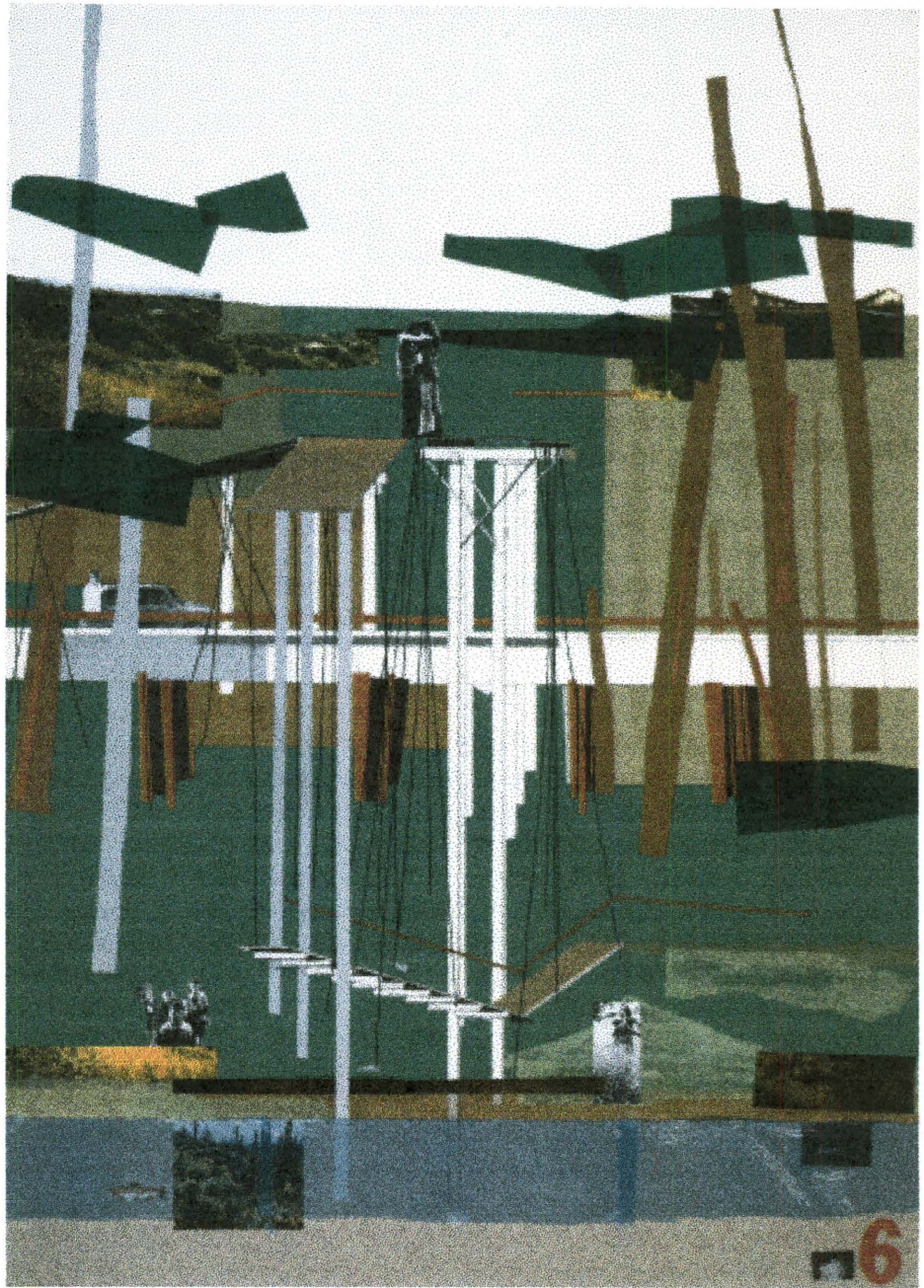
FAR

AVOID

MEET

JOIN

SEPARATE



section

TOUCH

GLANCE

KNOW

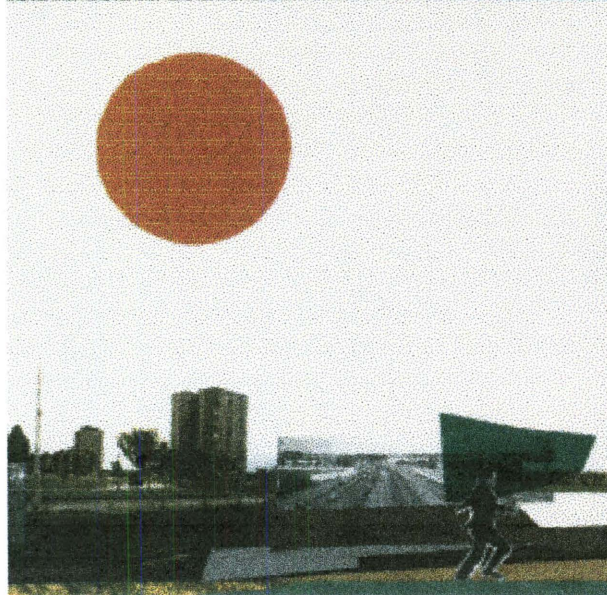
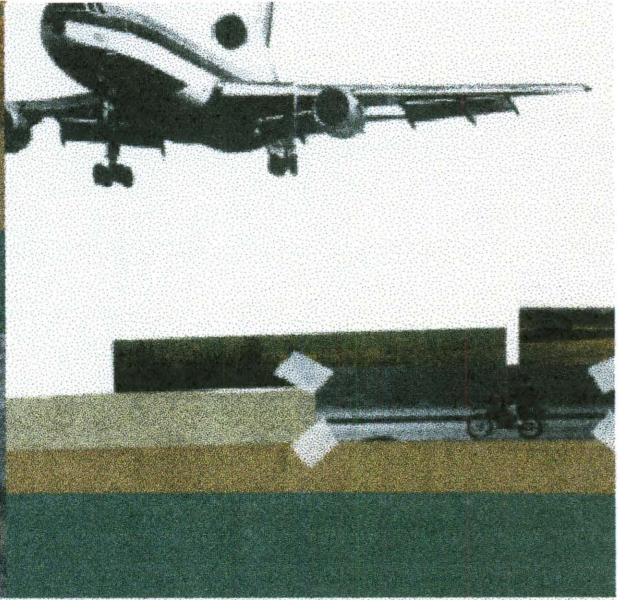
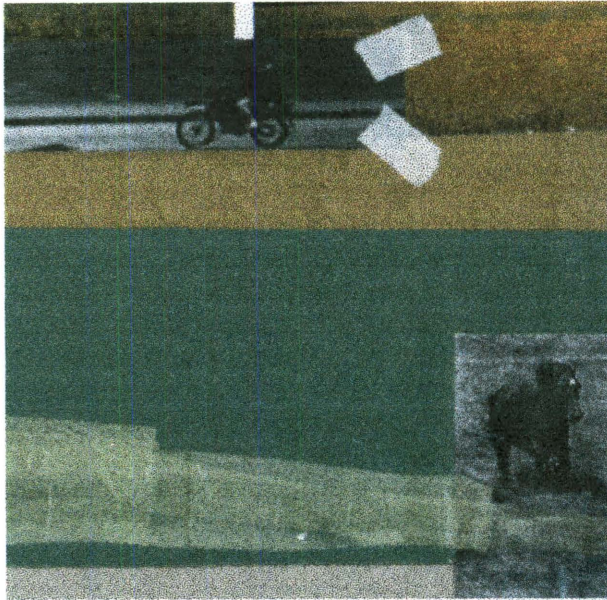
EVENT

NON-EVENT



RUN FREE

PIECE 7



CROSS

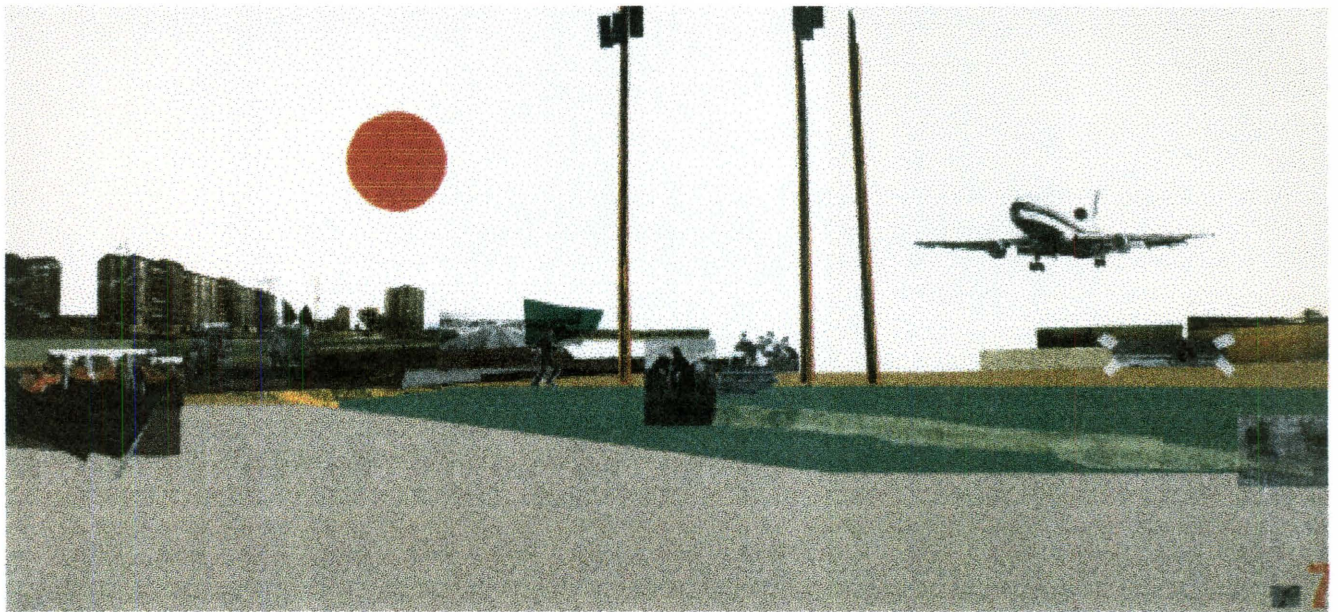
PASS

RUN

FAST

SLOW

GATHER



section

LAUGH CRY DISPERSE SUSPENSE.....AGONY

it can seem a whole road is full of bicycles, roll
e. **She gulped, and gulped, and cried.**
be wide open, with children selling comics, and out of
most dangerous word. You couldn't whisper it.
and calling far into the summer night. Almost as soon,
oud, too late to stop it, it burst in the air above y
icycles will be gone. **The shouting and laughing**
there was total silence, nothing but fuck floating down
g barking in the back gardens. Curtains will be draw
for Henry to look up and see fuck landing on you.
closed. My garden curved, like a segment of fruit or a
n he didn't look up. It was the word you couldn't say
or. The house itself was square. It had been built in th
pushed it. **It made you feel caught and gra**
the ones that were built assumed ever more-manageabl
hem it escaped it, was like an electric
rases. I became conscious of a sound. It was whispering
ed by the kind of laughing only forbidden
carrying a briefcase, as I always do. I l
trickle that became a
ens seemed to sing at once, a symmetrical
on bashing at your mouth to
ey curved away out of my vision and I imagined
t waste it. I'd hold my arms out straight till the
sea, the same dullish hot blue that it
ling down a broken brick wall and touc
kept going. Eyes open, little steps in a circle; my he
must be a reason. I thought: the gardens are opening
fly fast - the house, the kitchen, the hedge, the back
ss door, realizing that the smell was cut grass and th
happened. The other hedge, the apple tree, the house,
Back, his sons, was at the door, looking for something
get tired. Wet from sweating and the cold and Dovehanded the tal
ft, Darre
on hardi
aybe tha
t had to come, I couldn't spin forever. Recovering.
plied. **Gravity sticking me down,** hold
he world was round and Ireland was stuck on the as
oked like a fobbiwerbird. The claws was not
nothing to grab, blue blue blue

Monument? Why does this project propose to mark the gaps? Will monumentalising the condition make it disappear? Is it sentimental nostalgic to propose physical markers? How can a city exist if only virtual? If form and marking do not completely disappear they will be seen in a new context? Will this context be dominated by the gaps and the left over spaces? Will the quality of these gaps and the freedom they now possess be destroyed by marking them? Gaps exist because they are unmarked? Is an attempt to mark an attempt to control? Is an attempt to regain continuity in the fragmented city flawed?

Unique? Is there anything unique about this city? Are the stories and the "culture of claustrophobia" elsewhere? **Sensory?** Can a sensory experience alone at all express frustrated moods? Is this proposed sensory tactile experience (virtuality can not) essential? Is it hopeless to believe that form alone can improve a condition? Is the notion of the structures as social condensers unhealthy? **Un-programmed?** Is it possible for the body (event) to be free of program? Does this attempt to notice the previously un-noticed and un-programmed destroy it? How can the quality of open-ness, un-programmed-ness, and freedom be retained? Is un-programmed space the only place that is "free"? **Individual?** What is the position of the individual? How can the relationship between the individual and the city be improved? Is this new city of of dominant edge a no exclusion free for all? Can a feeling of exclusion in relation to location exist? It is only economic exclusion that remains? How can making solve economic exclusion? **Isolation?** Is the disconnection from self and others city and country unique? Have the individuals (and city) become disconnected, dismembered and fragmented? How can an individual or a city be understood without any connected-ness? **Continuity?** Are the roads, freeways, the "West-Link" offering connection and continuity? Do these offer continuity in relation only to time and not to position? In this fragmented city what do the continuous elements (the highways) in this case the "Westlink" become - the new public "promenade"? Is the city somewhere only to pass through and never to stop? Is constructing stops (the constructed markers) a valid suggestion? **Real?** Are the markers real? Is it enough for the markers to be only a state of mind? Is the un-real more powerful than the real? Will the markers reveal a quality to the empty space or destroy it? Will this project and the desire for order, ruin the freedom and random nature of the zone? Is it only the idea that needs magnitude? Can this project exist in minds of the inhabitants? **Imagined?** Could these places be imagined? Would imagining them be enough to escape and play out the dream? Real or imagined is it only in these free spaces that these emotions can be expressed? Only in a "floating" zone such as this periphery can freedom be attained? The project needs to delicately mark but not tie down? Is to tie down to trap? Is

seeing the hidden or invisible making it too available? Being available it is no longer is the place of
 forbidden unions? Is the excitement of the illicit essential? Do these structures and fields become
 mediators between the city and the country? Have both these conditions disappeared?
 Why do horses live here? What kind of balance is there between continuity and fragmentation? **Free?**
 Like space the proposed structures need to be free enough for un-programmed events? Construction
 needs to be light of hand and not precious? To be too precious is a desire to completely control? Any attempt
 to completely control will fail? **Contradiction?** How is a field marked? Is it
 precious itself to mark and preserve the open and free? Does this contradict the very premise of
 the project? When to decide what is too little and what is too much? How possibly can
 these decisions be made? **Invisible?** Can a city become only a knot of communications?
 Will the city become completely invisible?

Do the constructed piece needs to be incomplete?

For success does the project need to be incomplete?

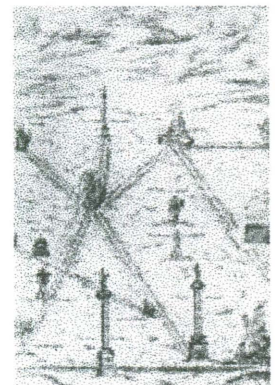
A conclusion at this point seems in vain.

The project attempted to understand the city from a new perspective.

The struggle has been the attempt at to create work with a lightness, the architect made invisible. Thus, trying to find a balance between things which just happen and the need to promote them.

How much is too much and how much is too little?

The project proposed boldly, for a reaction, for questions, rather than answers.



Monument and Control?
Gian Francesco Bordini, Rome as star shaped city, from *De rebus praeclaris gestis a Sixto V p.m.*, in 1588.

ater phrases "What happened when you
photographs of rock stars beneath my mat
er brought me back to the farm borderin
rdly in my city clothes, kicking a footba
funny hit. All the screaming and slaggin
morning before dawn he took me out to the
laxed as when he bent with ease to squees
end of a journey. When the wheels touche
For the first time I felt the division be
perpetual exile: from my panel when I on
out at the sea. It belon
told me about visiting his uncles and

him like a returned émigré to the courtya
bollox in a peaked
m around the ramshacked str
gate and turn it off.

it of shite. Git and Eileen could swim so
respect if you're taugh
w, blokes who were half animal in Dublin

mally Had a ashamed of yed mols the
een with its pub next to the closed-down
etching away before them. They were too

ement much. To their left the state
cole
harp tang of sea air blowing across the le
on that center in irregular curves and
und upwards through moonlit gull courses
the wind that blew from the hill

when they reached the edge, mesmerized by
ed on public transport. All of this w

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